

MODERN LADY—A revealing Novel of Romance and Business by GRACE PERKINS

SEPT. 8,
1934



Liberty 5¢



What
Every Woman
Almost Knows

by
**KATHLEEN
NORRIS**

•

Trouble
Begins at 40

by
JAY FRANKLIN

RCKaufmann



Sally's pretty and Sally's smart!

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have you seen warning signals of this distressing modern com-

plexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—black-heads, perhaps?

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use this gentle white soap!

Like most girls I use rouge and powder, but never do I risk Cosmetic Skin..thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**

Loretta Young 20TH CENTURY STAR



The phrase that wrecks a
MILLION MEN

"formerly with..."

He hands you a card half apologetically, half eagerly. You read across the bottom—"Formerly with." Then follows the name of a company that is a better company than the one he now represents. So with the company he represented before that one, and the one before that one. Down hill . . . pillar to post . . . same line of work . . . but down hill . . . and he doesn't know why.

A go-getting fellow, a stem-winding, whirlwind producer can get away

with a great deal where the ordinary fellow cannot, say a number of employment managers.

One thing that few employers will tolerate in their employees who must meet the public, is halitosis (bad breath). It's a bad start for the man, a bad one for the company. The man who has it usually walks out the back door with a past, while the man who hasn't comes in the front door with a future.

Very few people escape halitosis. In all mouths fermentation of tiny food particles, skipped by the tooth

brush, goes on. Fermentation causes a number of distinct odors.

Listerine halts fermentation at once, then gets rid of the objectionable odors it causes. Its deodorant and cleansing powers are simply amazing. Literally millions of people have proved it again and again. No fastidious person should be without it.

When Listerine costs so little, isn't it wise to use it daily and thus avoid offending others? Keep a bottle handy in home and office. You will be delighted to find how many doors it opens. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



LISTERINE *takes your breath away*

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR

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WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

OLD-TIME AMERICAN SPIRIT— COURAGE—WHERE ARE THEY?

THROUGHOUT the world the governing forces seem to be turning to dictatorial powers.

Democracy may have to take a seat far in the rear.

Slavery of mind and body may be faced in many countries of the world by

future generations. Not the slavery of the whip and lash, but enslavement that crushes the spirit and destroys all hope of freedom.

Italy has shackled the press.

Germany has cast out the Jews. And trials have been held behind closed doors, exacting the death penalty, giving out no names.

The murder of Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria indicates the intentions of the Nazis. They are determined to align Austria and Germany—the same combination that faced the nations of the world in 1914. Let us hope that the suppression of this revolutionary spirit will be permanently maintained.

Russia is under Communistic rules which are more rigid and exacting than some forms of slavery. The average citizen has no voice whatsoever; he is merely part of a huge human machine and must obey orders.

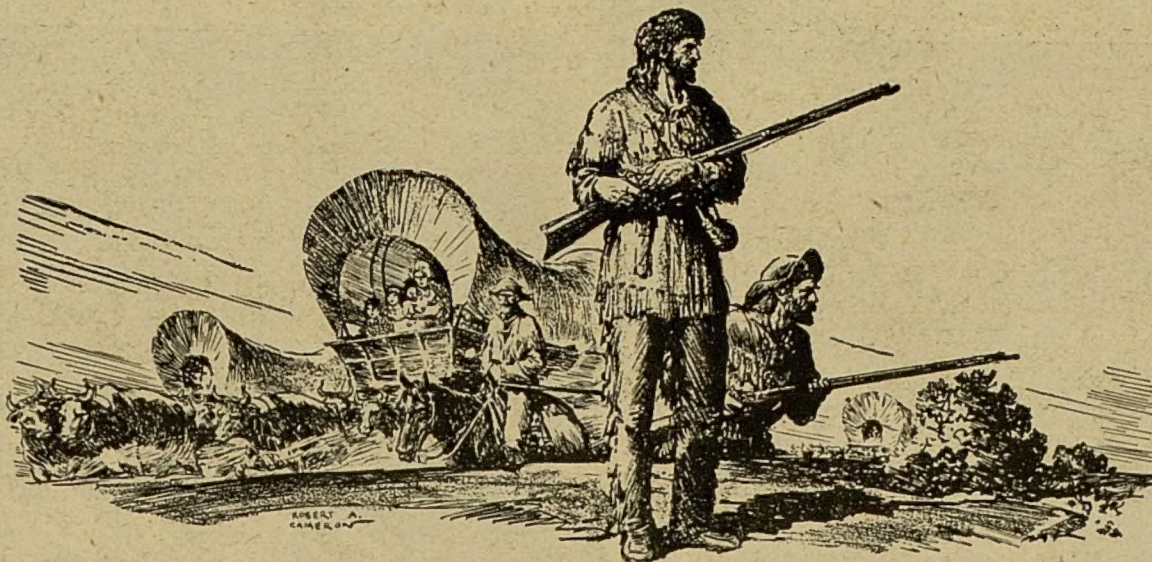
England and her colonies are still trying to follow democratic principles, but they are facing many difficulties in trying to retain these governmental ideals.

And in this country, supposed to be the home of liberty where, it is maintained, free men can develop in accordance with individual ability, shall the democratic principles which have builded a nation of such colossal power be restricted and hampered as in the various countries in Europe?

Where is the patriotic fire and fervor of pioneer days? Where is the old-time American spirit which we have read so much about?

It is largely noticeable because of its absence.

In the past we were noted for our courage. The American pioneers were brave men. They were fighters. On frequent occasions they had to face emergencies where their lives were at stake. They often had to work in the fields with their rifles



at their sides. There were enemies all around them.

If we go back two or three generations, we find that the hours of labor in farming districts began at daylight and sometimes continued after dark. Farm workers toiled sixteen hours or

more daily. Today we complain about eight hours.

Gradually life is being made easier for us. Hard work is no longer considered necessary. And there can be no criticism whatever of this tendency to make life more pleasurable, provided leisure time is used profitably.

But we well know the popularity of many forms of dissipation, and what we call idle time is often worse than wasted. We cannot evade the self-evident truth that it is the struggle in life that builds strength. It is the victories we win in combating emergencies which develop self-confidence and power. When we make life too easy we not only become soft and fragile in body, but we lose mental and moral courage.

With such a softening process we would go through life like a lot of sodden sheep—but little more than human hulks. Here we are, the wealthiest and perhaps the greatest country in the world, but under our present system the majority of our citizens feel not unlike foreigners as far as their individual ability to influence governmental activities is concerned.

We frequently view with nonchalance costly governmental mistakes, great outstanding evils. In the beginning of our national life there would have been a hoarse cry of rage from every citizen at deviations from governmental rectitude, but today our people often feel hopeless and helpless when facing these conditions. They are frequently afraid or indifferent, and are even inclined to keep their views to themselves. They have learned that they might have to suffer personal inconvenience if they expressed them too freely.

Unless we can find some method of reviving the old-time American fighting spirit we might as well discard dreams of future national greatness.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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PLYMOUTH HAD TO BE BETTER

TO FORGE SO QUICKLY AHEAD

TAKE A MINUTE to study the chart on the right. It shows that a dramatic change has been going on in the low-price field.

It shows how thousands of car owners have discarded their old ideas about automobile values . . . how they stopped buying by habit *and let merit alone guide their choice.*

Maybe you know some of these people who have switched to Plymouth. If you do, we suggest that you ask them why.

Naturally, Plymouth *had* to be better to make them change their minds . . . to win them over from two big rivals who had dominated the low-price field for years.

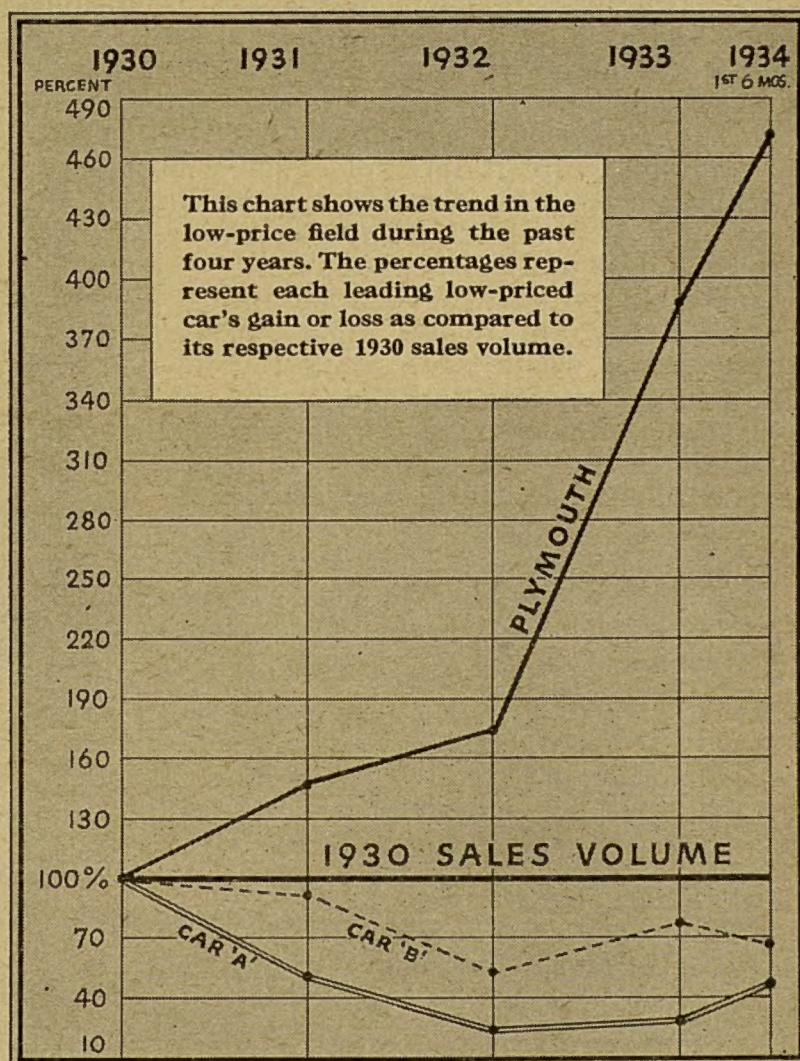
Plymouth engineers realized this. So they purposely gave Plymouth many *extra* features . . . Hydraulic Brakes and a Safety-Steel Body . . . Individual Wheel Springing and Floating Power engine mountings.

It's these four basic features that have made Plymouth a safer car on crowded highways . . . a more comfortable car, too.

Every car owner needs these advantages. Yet, in the low-price field, only Plymouth has them all.

Now is the time to forget prices and habits . . . to compare values alone. For "All Three" low-priced cars cost virtually the same.

Ask any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer to demonstrate Plymouth's extra features.



NOW COMPARE THESE VALUES. Standard Plymouth \$485 and up. Special Six \$560 up. De Luxe models \$595 up. All prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change. Time payments on Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH \$485

AND UP
F. O. B. FACTORY
DETROIT

**SOLD BY DODGE, DE SOTO
AND CHRYSLER DEALERS**

BEGINNING:

Modern Lady

A Vividly Revealing Novel of Romance and Business:

The Story of an American Girl Who Wanted LIFE—and Found It

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

PART ONE—A DAUGHTER OF MISFORTUNE

EDGAR HOLLOWAY fitted the large key into his office door and entered. A futile morning of trying to collect rents and other moneys due had stamped his heavy clean-shaven face with a grimly desolate expression.

He hung up his derby, his expensive but worn topcoat, and his exquisite white Italian silk scarf, yellowed with many washings. As if determined to show himself that he was neither tired nor frightened, he sat at his faded brown roll-top desk and opened his mail.

Real-estate offices in 1910 were not in any degree as decorative as they are today. The "office," as Mr. Holloway called it, was a large single room a few yards from Main Street of New Rochelle, New York.

Here, for a dozen years, Edgar Holloway had watched himself edge from the heights of success and good living to the extremities of shabby failure and a thinly false front.

Patiently Mr. Holloway opened letter after letter. The stone of his Masonic ring gleamed as his immaculate bony hands slit the envelopes with an ivory paper cutter.

QUEEN CITY STATIONERY SUPPLIES COMPANY

Account rendered\$84.75

Kindly note: We are putting this matter into the hands of our attorney for action . . .

HUGUENOT GAS CORPORATION

Cu. Ft. Consumed\$13.68

We hereby give notice that unless paid by . . .

Office of the Dean
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

DEAR MR. HOLLOWAY:

This is to remind you that your son's July term bill for last year has not as yet been paid and that it will be necessary to have your check reach us before September 1 to accept his registration for the coming year . . .

Edgar Holloway pushed back his white hair with a nervous hand. Then his eyes caught the significance of the next unopened envelope and he smiled thinly. Slitting it, he lifted out a stamped and initialed slip of paper with a "Thank you" scrawled in the corner—receipt for premium of \$160.75 on an insurance policy.

Holloway scooped bills, opened and unopened, into the scabby red-leather wastebasket. Nervously he pulled open a bottom drawer of his desk and lifted out a quart bottle of Johnnie Walker. From the same drawer he took out a delicate blood-red tumbler. Steadily he poured himself what was left in the bottle, gazed for a dismal moment at the half ounce, and then with a shrug tossed it off.

His fingers reached out for the bottle and dropped it into the wastebasket. They opened a center drawer just far enough for a heavy leather-cased revolver to come into sight. For fully two minutes he gazed at it. Then calmly he pushed it aside and from underneath he picked up an insurance policy. Into its paper slipcase he tucked the receipted premium, laid the gun back on top, patted it, and pushed the drawer closed.

Mr. Holloway stood up, crossed to the oak hall tree, opened the seat bench at its base, and took out a paper package.

At his desk again, his face relaxed as he peeled the elastic bands from the package. He was about to unfold the brown wrapping when the door of his office opened to the tune of a doleful little bell. Holloway looked up apprehensively.

His eyes widened at the sight of a tall thin girl with a face unbelievably pale, sharp over-bright blue eyes, and a mountainous pompadour of red hair under a big black beaver hat cascading with ostrich feathers.

"Good grief!" Holloway grunted sourly. "Didn't I tell you not to come back here again?"

"But, Mr. Holloway," her voice was not nearly so brave as her smile, "I must talk to you."

"Now, listen once and for all." Holloway pronounced each word with the painful precision of one talking to somebody deaf and slightly idiotic. "I haven't any work for you—or for anybody. Nothing today or any other day!"

With an elaborate show of business he turned quickly to his package, whipped off the brown papers, tossed them into the wastebasket, and regarded his lunch.

A muted gasp at the door made him glance up. The girl was staring.



GRACE PERKINS began her public career on the stage, playing with Frank Bacon in *Lightnin'*, Florence Reed in *Lullaby*, and in other Broadway hits. Her greatest success, however, came as a writer. During the last few years she has written several best sellers and numerous motion-picture dramas.

by

GRACE

PERKINS

who wrote *Night Nurse*, *Personal Maid*, *No More Orchids*, etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

If you can't find the man you want, what's the point of ever marrying?

The sight of food had stripped her of pretense—there was only the naked gleam of hunger.

She checked herself almost the moment he glanced up, and weakly grasped the knob of the door.

"I—I— Good morning, Mr. Holloway," she managed. Her voice was harsh and scratchy.

"Just a minute!"

Edgar Holloway rose.

"Miss— er— You're— um— Jane— er—"

"Jane McAm."

"Certainly. Certainly. Well, Jane, there's no use your running around looking for work at this hour. Stop and share a sandwich with me. I've been very lonesome and—I'd really like company."

Her blue eyes struggled through a wash of tears, and Holloway turned his back on her abruptly.

"Sit over there." He jerked a finger at a worn monstrosity of a red-leather chair.

He dropped into his own with an almost playful bounce.

"Two sandwiches, and two tangerines, one apiece!" he laughed.

"Thank you," she mumbled. She laid the sandwich on the desk and quietly unbuttoned her gray cloth gloves, folded them neatly, and put them inside her pouch purse. Then with infinite deliberation she bit into her sandwich.

"Tell me," Holloway leaned comfortably back in his chair, "why, of all the places in town, do you pick on me for work?"

"I pick on all of them," Jane shook her head. "I have a list and visit every place I can think of—and all the ads."

"Haven't you any folks?"

She glanced at him sharply. "I have a very large family."

Her eyes met his flush with meaning.

"Sure," he nodded. "I vaguely remember. Your

father was sent—your father went away. It was a long time ago."

"Yes. A long time ago!"

"Is he—uh—will he be home soon?"

"No. Never," she said simply.

She had finished her fruit and tossed the skin into the wastebasket. Holloway glanced up cautiously. Then broke his own tangerine in half.

"Here," he said. "These are too sweet to my taste. I like 'em tart."

She took his offering slowly.

"You're very good, Mr. Holloway." Her eyes rested on him with a glow of admiration. She had not experience enough to know that his painfully immaculate air was the bluff of the continual drinker trying to reassert his self-respect.

"I wish everybody thought so."

It occurred to him suddenly that if she were fed up a bit she'd be mighty gol-darn' pretty. Not an ordinary type at all, and those redheads sometimes developed into magnificent women.

"GOLLY!" he decided suddenly. "It must be pretty hard on you. I mean," he explained as he lit a cigar, "I mean, it's bad enough on a young boy starting out in life—bucking offices and rubbing shoulders with people. But a girl like you!"

"Oh, I enjoy it! Really, Mr. Holloway, I feel grateful that I have to. It's exciting. As my father says, life is such an exciting gamble. Every day it's win, draw, or lose."

"Your father?"

"Yes. He writes me quite a lot. He's very proud of all I've accomplished. My mother's so clever and she manages so well. We're very comfortable and happy."

"Then why do you hound people for a job?"

"Oh, because I want big money. Our family was always used to pretty fancy living. We have nothing to complain of, but we have nothing to boast of exactly." She laughed uncertainly. "I guess I'm made for luxuries. And I don't mind earning them."

Holloway regarded his cigar. The kid was lying, he decided. Putting on airs or something.

"So you think you can earn luxuries by a job in my office."

"Well, there's fortunes to be made out of real estate. And this town is as good a place as any. And here I am right in this town and can't leave it."

"Real estate is no place for a woman," he shrugged. "And women haven't got the brains for business."

"Some women have lots of brains."

"And I suppose you're one of them?"

"Well, I think so. I haven't much education. But I can read and think. I've got ears and I can learn anything I set my mind to."

Holloway chuckled.

"Well, child, I wish you luck and a real job. I haven't any work, and I'm afraid, Jane, if I had, I wouldn't give it to a girl. So that's final."

"All right, Mr. Holloway. Everybody has a right to opinions."

She rose and thrust out her hand with an awkward boyish gesture. Holloway rose and shook hands with a courtly friendliness.

He watched her out of the door, and shook his head as he saw her absurd ostrich plumes pass by his front window.

"Well," he murmured comfortingly to himself, "I guess I'm not so badly off."

Again his door rang itself open. Jane McAm again!

She half crossed the room excitedly. "Listen, Mr. Holloway! Suppose you give me the worst piece of property you have on your list and let me take a shot at selling it. If I don't sell it, or rent it, I'll never bother you again."

With irritable pity he looked at her.

"Oh, hell!" he said. "If you're going to keep pestering me—all right! But you'll take this like a good gambler?"

"Of course I will."

He leaned over and pulled out a drawer of indexed



"Don't come back here until you have a customer for that."

cards and began to run through them. He handed her a soiled and flabby card which had faded typing on it.

"That's a parcel of land out on Long Island," he explained gravely. "It's no good. It can't be sold. Nobody could sell it. I'm telling you right now. It was inherited by a young New Rochelle man who's very well-to-do. Leeds. Tom Leeds."

"I've heard of him. I used to deliver packages for Hannahan's bakery up to his big house near the Castle."

"Umm. Well, he's anxious to get rid of this. It just eats up taxes and he'd like to unload it."

She had put the card into her purse.

"I'll never, never forget this," she said. "You're the first person who's given me a real chance."

"One point I make on this bargain," he wagged a finger. "Don't you come back here until you have a customer for that."

"I won't. Not if I don't come back at all."

In plaid skirt and sweater, a faded blue tam-o'-shanter, and a shabby brown leather coat, Jane McAm sat the next morning on the spot of land in Long Island owned by Tom

Leeds. A description of this particular slice of the world was kept in the file box of bum bets in every real-estate agency Tom had thought to list it with. A bleak strip of sand that curled like a hook out into the sea.

She climbed up on a big rock for higher view and sat clasping her knees. The wind and the salt air whipped tears into her eyes.

It was her birthday; a growling September morning that sulked with left-over summer heat and frowned with melancholy rain clouds. "When I was seventeen I was married," her mother had greeted her that morning. "You'd do better to find a man than a job, Jane." Jane wasn't flirtatious by nature like her pretty mother. Jane felt rather degraded when her mother seemed anxious



for her daughter to marry Pete Hannahan. Just because Pete had given Jane a job delivering packages; and later, when he realized how hungry they were, he'd given them bread, crullers, and buns left over from his bakery shop. If you can't find the kind of man you want what's the point of ever marrying? A boy like Rudy, for instance. Rudy was the one person in town who hadn't cut her after her father was sent up. Rudy would never cut anybody. But of course Rudy wouldn't fall in love with a girl like her. He was already in love, they said—almost engaged. "I mustn't think about that!" Jane said suddenly out loud.

FROM the pocket of her leather coat she took a box of Zu-zus, tore it open, and settled herself to nibble the crackers.

Rain started with tiny soft drops. But Jane sat on, gazing intently. She did not notice the bare skeletons of trees bent before the wind, or the land crabs that buried themselves in a gurgling puddle of deep wet sand.

There are people who never see beauty save with their

eyes. Jane was ever one who would say "Ummm" with a vacant nod when you pointed out a rapturous moon. If she thought she could sell you the nebulous glow of the moon she would quickly enough learn its value, intrinsic or abstract.

Suddenly she filled her cracker box with the sand. She had the germ of an idea. For a time she sat rubbing the grains between her fingers, brooding. Then she stuck the box in her coat pocket, and just before the full frenzy of the storm she rose and fled to the railroad station.

One dollar and sixty-eight precious cents for the train to New York! So little left! And when that was gone—then what?

Because every five cents seemed vital, she walked from Pennsylvania Station to Grand Central Station, trying not to smell the whiffs of food from restaurants she passed, trying not to see women richly clad; or beggars and dejected figures shrunk in doorways.

Grand Central Station took most of her remaining money. Yesterday she had raised ten dollars by selling an antique turquoise bracelet, the last of her mother's jewelry, saved for a desperate occasion. What had not been taken away from them by creditors had been sold or hocked, bit by bit, over seven years.

SHE remembered the first time her father took them all to this station: her mother, her two brothers, her sister, herself, mother's maid, the governess, the tutor, Redding, the cook and butler and second girl. After two gay whirling years in New York they were to settle in New Rochelle—a magnificent estate with a glimpse of the water. It was such fun getting settled in such a beautiful home, so frightening but glorious to go to the finest school and meet other girls; and mother and father entertained lavishly at home, and father talked to people of "hold-

ings" and "property" as if such words explained his business and his wealth.

Only thirteen months of such a life that was supposed to last forever. Then father had made a trip back to Illinois. There he played his last game—and in the game he had shot a man. Later the man had died, and then everybody was shocked to learn it was the Mayor of Hopsville that had been shot, and while such an official should never have been in an all-night poker game, still a mayor is the wrong person to shoot—even if, as her father insisted, he was cheating and the other players knew it.

Some admitted the fight and the mayor's threats, and eventually it seemed likely that Teddy McAm had practically shot in self-defense; but nobody remembered who drew a gun first or who said what first. So Teddy McAm, after a dragging year, was not executed. He was only sent to jail for life, through the kindness and influence of his friends.

On the train Jane's feet were masses of needle aches. A man across the aisle rattled his paper and winked when

she looked up. Swiftly she turned to gaze out the window, but in the underground tunnel only her own reflection faced her. She wished she was pretty like her mother; pretty girls—well, like her sister Marion—had people always doing things for them. Marion would be fifteen soon. It must be nice for Marion to be with Aunt Lucy, in a way.

Aunt Lucy was leading lady in a San Francisco stock company and her husband was the director. They had taken Marion two years ago and Marion's letters always sounded so happy.

Why couldn't the family all be together again? Why had everybody drawn aside from them—because her father was a gambler and they hadn't realized that before, and he shot a man who was a cheater?

Why had everything disappeared so suddenly after father was gone? People came and took things, and her mother knew so little of the state of affairs that she dared not protest.

That awful auction! Mama had paid all his debts, down to the last questionable claim; had settled with the children in a furnished house, only to fall and splinter her hip.

THE cheap M.D. had set it badly and mother had been unable to walk since. And from one run-down house to another they had drifted—always writing lies to father in prison to cheer him up, and finally admitting to relatives their plight.

Dick and Toby went to Uncle Fred (who would "take the two boys and do my best by them, but even my own brother wouldn't ask a bachelor like me to bring a girl into my shack when I abhor womankind; nor do I mean, my dear child, any direct insult to your mother"). Dick was very unhappy with Uncle Fred in Vermont and wrote laboriously of the hardships. Toby never wrote at all.

It's funny, when you think of it—to have no friends at all.

Except Rudy.

Rudy West, who lived in the house next door, when the McAMS first moved to that big estate in New Rochelle. "Next door" meant ten acres away. Rudy's home was a big old-fashioned farmhouse and had been in the West family since before the Civil War, and Rudy and his sister Abby had both been born there. They were a quiet family and lived modestly well; but it seemed that everybody wanted to be among the few invited into the West home.

Rudy loved fishing and Jane liked to sit alongside him in the rocking rowboat and watch and listen, and hear of Rudy's mother, who was dead, and of his father, who was dean of the Law School at Meredith University, and whose advice, it seemed, was sought by many governments. But Rudy didn't want to be a lawyer; even then he had known he wanted to be an engineer. And now, six years later, he still lived in the old-fashioned house, and this year he would be finished with Harvard and Harvard would crown him a real engineer, and a friend of his father would take him into an office in New York, and Rudy was in love, and Rudy was happy.

New Rochelle.

She rose stiffly and left the train.

Jane had never let Rudy know where she lived. She didn't want his pity. She preferred the camaraderie of his greeting whenever they met in station or store. But she was going to see him now, even if it was five minutes past midnight, for in two days he'd be going back to college.

In forty minutes she was standing beneath his window, throwing gravel. She had done it when she was ten, as often he had thrown gravel at hers.

His head appeared.

"Rudy—it's me! Jane."

He whistled.

"Anything happened?"

"No, I just have to talk to you. Please, Rudy."

"Sure—sure. I'll be right down."

A few moments later he had let her into the bright old-fashioned kitchen. He had put on his trousers, slippers, and a Turkish-toweling bath robe over his pyjamas.



"Rudy, if you laugh I'll cry."

"Lord, you're wet! What in Heaven's name are you doing out at such an hour?"

"A job."

"A job—at night?" He was incredulous.

"No, just the hope of a job. Listen, Rudy—because you've got to help me get it."

She told him then of Holloway and the strip of sand. He sat opposite her at the kitchen table, listening. Finally she drew out her cracker box from her pocket.

"AND that's the sand," she finished feverishly. "It must be used for something, Rudy, You'd know, or you could find out. You're practically an engineer!"

"You flatter me," he grinned.

"Don't laugh at me, Rudy! I'm sure you can help me. Sand is used to make glass. What kind of sand? What else is sand used for? There's a sample of that special sand—because I figured there must be different kinds of sand. Rudy, if you laugh I'll cry. I will! It's terribly serious. If it wasn't terribly serious, do you think I'd come and wake you up like this?"

He stood up and took her hand with a gesture of apology.



at the triumphant insolence in his eyes.

"I won't be five minutes," he smiled, and flung himself out the swinging door into the depths of his home.

Jane glanced up at the plodding white-faced wall clock—twenty past one in the morning! If mother were having one of her wakeful nights, she'd be frantic with fear.

When Rudy burst into the kitchen with a thwacking push of the swinging door he was smiling and his eyes were adventurous. So tall, so stoopingly strong, so sure in his high-necked white sweater with the red H, his riding breeches, and his puttees.

He was pulling on an old topcoat as he entered.

"I'll hitch up Captain," he said.

"Let me go with you. Please—I want to see the stables again."

In the outer pantry he lit a lantern and together they faced the rain and the rising wind.

Jane felt faint with pleasure when she followed Rudy inside the stable. She shrank against the wall, listening to the horse and Rudy greet each other, remembering her own pony.

"Ready, Jane?"

Rudy was holding open the door of the carriage.

"NO," she said. "Let me sit up there beside you."

"That's silly, Jane."

She smiled slowly.

"Seems to me I've been years pleading to sit beside you, Rudy. Remember when I was a kid in the boat and you wanted me to sit at the other end and I wanted so to sit beside you?"

"Yes, and you were a nuisance too."

They both laughed, and with a shrug he helped her climb up to the driver's seat and swung up beside her.

He clicked his teeth, and Captain, with a toss of his head, started out.

"Where to, Jane?"

"It's back in the woods, toward Mamaroneck."

She felt his questioning glance in the darkness, but she couldn't turn her head.

"You remember, Rudy, how we once went on an all-day picnic on our ponies? Abby and Marion and you and me?

And Redding was with us and we brought cold chicken? And we went up that direction to a spot where a lot of Italians lived, and just beyond we had our fortune told by some gypsies. Remember?"

"Sure."

"Well, that's where I live."

The beat of Captain's hoofs on the wet roads punctuated their silence.

"Do you remember what the gypsies said?" She insisted upon conversation in preference to thoughts. "They told me that some day I would be a great lady. They said I'd *make* myself a great lady." She glanced obliquely at him and added defiantly, "And I'm going to, too."

"I guess you will if you make up your mind."

"Rudy, do you remember what the gypsies told you? They said that first you would love more than you were loved."

"What tripe."

She giggled a bit deliriously.

"And then," she continued, "they said that you'd be loved more than you love."

"That last doesn't sound possible."

"I'm sorry, Jane—sleepy, I guess. Sure the sand can be used for something, maybe. They clean things with sand, you know—"

"There! I knew you'd know something, Rudy. What do they clean and with what kind of sand?"

He blinked.

"I'll have to find out. I'll look it up. This may take some time, Jane. If you're serious—why, probably the sand will have to be tested and analyzed."

"It mustn't take too long, Rudy."

"No, not too long, Jane. I tell you what! I'll get dressed now and drive you home."

"Oh, no!" She thought desperately of the wretched two-family house where her mother and she lived in the kitchen of one half, and nobody at all lived in the other half—on the brink of the Italian neighborhood, overrun with goats, whose milk she was glad enough to drink when the Italians offered it.

"It's too far, Rudy. I don't mind walking."

"All right. I won't even try to do anything about your sand."

"Rudy!"

They smiled at each other, and her heart beat heavily

ill. It's terribly serious."

"Is it nice to be almost engaged, Rudy? Are you terribly in love?"

"Terribly."

"Nina is beautiful. I saw her once at the station. You were there to meet her—and you kissed her. Tell me about her, Rudy."

"Oh, she's wonderful, Jane. She's so wonderful I don't know if I can hold her. She's so popular, everybody spoils her."

"And you get terribly jealous?"

"I try not. She makes me feel so silly when I'm jealous. The more jealous I am the less she'll be bothered with me."

"Isn't she ever jealous of you?"

"Heck, no! She knows I love her so much that I don't make sense."

"Maybe you shouldn't let her be so sure."

"I just can't help it. When I love a person, I love a person."

He was conscious of her gaze in the wet darkness and faced her. They both laughed foolishly.

"I like you a lot, Jane."

"I'm glad. I—I always liked you. Is she very, very rich, Rudy?"

"Who? Nina? Yes. Her folks always had money. They've spoiled her a lot, but she isn't really spoiled, you know. I mean she's fundamentally fine. . . . Besides, I'm going to make a lot of money some day. . . . Why do we keep talking about Nina? What about you, Jane? Who are your beaus?"

Jane laughed with dismal gayety.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm sorry, Rudy. Really. Only it's funny—me having beaus. And then again it isn't funny."

"Why?"

"Oh, I dunno."

"Yes, you do. You just won't tell me. I guess when boys and girls grow up they become strangers to each other, no matter how well they knew each other. After a certain age you can't really talk about love and life with anybody. I can't even talk about it with Nina. She's full of the feel of it, you know, but she won't think it out. She thinks it's silly."

"I don't think it's silly. It's just embarrassing."

"Well, all right. I told you how scared I was about holding Nina. I haven't talked to any one else like that. I thought you'd feel the same."

"All right, Rudy. I haven't any beaus. I'm not pretty, Rudy. Boys or men—they seldom notice me."

"But you're not really homely, you know," Rudy said with a chuckle. "Hasn't anybody noticed that?"

"Oh, yes. There's a widower baker who wants to marry me. But he's twice my age."

"Oh—" Rudy gasped for breath. "Oh, really, Jane—you and a baker!"

"It's true."

He slowed down, bringing Captain up to a curb. Fiddled in his pockets for a packet of Sweet Caporals and matches. As the flame sputtered redly he caught a glimpse of her tired face, and his smile withered.

He puffed deeply, and then put a hand impulsively on hers.

"JANE, you're sweet." He leaned toward her. "Did you hear me? You're not a bit spoiled. I don't think you're even grown up yet."

"Oh, yes, I am."

"No—you're just a baby still."

Her head went up with a gesture of indignation. He bent forward and kissed her.

"Don't be angry with me, Jane. I wanted to kiss you once before you vanish. The next time I see you you may be all grown up—for good."

She turned her face away, blinking at tears.

Rudy slapped the reins and Captain jogged along dutifully.

"You turn right here, Rudy. It's the only house on this road."

They halted before a clumsy two-family house with its one faint oil light in a back window.

"Jane, I didn't know things were so bad."

"Oh, they're not, Rudy. Really. We just don't want to spend all our money on rent. I mean, we have so many other things to do with what money we have. The things aren't as bad as the house looks."

Her voice and manner stirred him to action. He hopped to the muddy unpaved street and reached up to help her.

"Go 'way, Rudy. I can get down."

He lifted her firmly, and with an air of defiance skidded and sloshed through the mud and up the three wooden steps to the porch. There he set her down with a most ungentlemanly jolt.

"Good night!" he said and turned on his heel.

"Rudy! Rudy!"

"Well?"

"What are you mad at?"

"I don't know."

"Well, for once I didn't have my way. Why should you be mad at that?"

HE laughed.

"You *have* grown up," he said slowly. "I'm sorry I kissed you."

"That's nice."

"Oh, I didn't mean that—"

She went over to him and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Rudy, whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, I guess I'm in a dickens of a mood. I hadn't slept all night—before you came. You snapped me out of it a bit, and then it all swept over me again."

She peered at his face.

"Did you and Nina have a fuss?"

He nodded and shrugged.

"It's nothing," he said. "We always do. I wish we didn't, though. I don't know how it happens. Any more than you and I fussing now."

Jane laughed. A muffled but an infectious childish giggle.

Presently he smiled, and then he laughed too.

"Oh, Rudy! You haven't grown up either. Not all together." Her laughter faded. "No, it isn't funny. It's terribly, terribly difficult, growing up bit by bit. You just know that parts of you die off, but you don't realize for a long time new parts were born. Maybe—maybe Nina feels that way too."

"Maybe. She seems so sure of herself, even though she's a year younger than I."

"She isn't trying to learn to be an engineer along with growing up. All she has to do is grow up and put her mind to it. But you—when you've learned both—why, she'll see then—she'll see then—"

"Sure, I'll show her. I'll amount to something."

"Amount to something! Just as sure as tomorrow's Friday."

"I'm glad you came tonight, Jane. Somehow I can go back to college feeling a lot more like work from having talked to you. You've helped me a lot. You always did."

"You've got to help me, Rudy. With that sand."

"I will—I'll find out. Sure as tomorrow's Friday."

She laughed.

"And Jane—I'm not sorry I kissed you."

"Neither am I."

"Really?"

"No—not again, Rudy. Please."

"Well, maybe you're right. Maybe it's just as well. Huh?"

"It's better."

"Well, good night, Jane. But you really are grand, Jane, even if you're not pretty."

He squeezed her hand and clattered down the three wooden steps. She bit her lip and could feel her cheeks flame. Not pretty . . .

Not pretty . . .

Rudy's farewell words must have bitten deeply into the little pride and vanity Jane had left. But what more could a girl expect who was virtually a waif, with a crippled mother, a father in prison, and a cracker box full of sand as her only hope? Don't fail to follow the adventures of this valiant little soldier of misfortune. A surprise awaits her in next week's installment.

"Daddy's gone a'-hunting..."
TO BUY A NEW AUTOMOBILE *"*



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THAN THE GLASS IN ITS WINDOWS
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What Every Woman Almost Knows

No Feminine Genius? How Can There Be in a World that Belongs to Men? Here's a Stirring Frank Reply to an Article in Last Week's Liberty

WHEN her two oldest sons and her two oldest daughters were scrubbed and brushed and combed and ready to start for church, my mother always gave us parting instructions: "Don't lose your handkerchiefs, stand up and sit down when every one else does, come straight home, and let Joe or Fred sit in the aisle seat!"

This last injunction was to me even then so galling a condition that the resentment it aroused in me is not forgiven even after forty years. No girl could have the aisle seat. The aisle seat in the pew was of course the desirable seat. But that was for the men. If not the brothers, the papas always got it.

In my own family circle matters between the girls and boys were justly balanced, for my father was far in advance of his time and held the then ridiculous theory that his girls were as valuable as his boys. He was sometimes stern with his sons; he criticized his daughters only when they showed signs of following the fashion of women in going in for nerves, dyspepsia, vapors, headaches, blues, crying spells. Now and then he even asked mildly whether his girls couldn't discard one or two hot petticoats for a summer walk, or whether the long clogging curls were necessary, thus distressing and puzzling my mother.

"Don't be strong-minded, darlings, whatever you are!" said my mother, in dismayed contemplation of the brazen females who were beginning to fight for their "rights." Be weak-minded, be tearful, be helpless and dependent, said the mothers of that day, be idle and useless, but always remember that woman gains her true rights by placating, pleasing, being tender with her men!

The boys escaped on Saturdays into worlds of delicious adventure; the girls stayed home. The boys followed circuses, camped on beaches, climbed trees; we could weed the garden, cook, read Rosa Nouchette Carey and Sophie M. Swett, and write up our diaries. And we were the advanced and fortunate girls of the 'nineties, our mothers and aunts reminded us. In their days girls had sewed miles and miles of seams—no sewing machines then!—had practiced scales for hours, had put up fruit and ironed papa's shirts and handkerchiefs, had walked about with boards strapped to their backs and bottles of ink on their heads to improve their carriage.



by

Kathleen
Norris

Famous Author of *Mother*, *The Heart of Rachael*, *Undertow*, *Beloved Woman*, *Certain People of Importance*, *The Black Flemings*, *Barberry Bush*, *The Foolish Virgin*, *Storm House*, *Passion Flower*, and Many Other Widely Read Books

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"My father used to go to market," one woman of my mother's generation told me, "as all the men did then, on their way to their offices. We girls would wait at home, trembling sometimes for fear the day's order would be something that would keep us home all afternoon. Berries to preserve, apples to peel, mincemeat to make, chickens to pick—I can feel those feathers getting all over my face and hands still! We used to be simply furious; but what could we do?"

"Father was a soured man because he had seven daughters and no son," a quite old lady remembered. "Dickens's *Pickwick* was being published in weekly installments then, and we girls simply couldn't wait for the installments, we loved it so! One day my father came in and found us sewing while my sister Molly read aloud to us from the just-arrived magazine. He leaned over and tore out half of the page following the one she was on, and lighted his pipe with it!"

Well, this brief glimpse of yesterday's helpless woman—and even she was far advanced in freedom and importance over day-before-yesterday's woman—is set here as a preamble to a somewhat diffident comment upon the brilliant article entitled *Women Geniuses? Where Are They?* appearing in these pages, and written by Dr. Albert Edward Wiggam. Unlike Dr.

Wiggam, I am not a biologist, a scientist, a statistician. My studies of the status and the problems of today's woman are drawn from the thousands of letters women send me yearly, and from the ups and downs of the hectic half century during which I have pretty well run the gamut of women's experiences.

But not the most erudite student nor the most loyal feminist can find any fault with Dr. Wiggam's conclusions in this particular case. He states a simple and self-evident fact—one that I myself discovered many years ago, and upon which I have often editorially commented. There are no women geniuses.

No woman ever painted a great picture. No woman ever composed an even average opera. No woman ever wrote any considerable musical composition of any sort. No woman ever wrote an immortal book, play, poem. No woman ever made any important contribution to science, unless it was very recently, and then in conjunction with a husband similarly interested.

This astounding truth is the theme of Dr. Wiggam's article, and there need be no argument about it. Women have recently claimed political and social equality with men; women have taken long strides toward financial and marital independence; women have raised their physical standing to as high an average as that of the other sex. But the world has yet to applaud its first great woman writer, poet, musician, painter, doctor, architect, scientist, engineer. Of our scores of military heroes not one is a woman.

Dr. Wiggam, in outlining these indisputable facts, is more than just to women. There is no note of the triumphant male in what he says, much less anything sneering or contemptuous. He admits, indeed he cites the tests that prove that women's brains are as good as men's, that girl students usually outstrip boy students, that there has never been a single great creative achievement of man in which the companionship, faith, inspiration of woman has not played its part.

But he finally concludes that the "will to power, that restless and driving ambition, that towering contempt of obstacles, that inexhaustible energy, that sweep of imagination that . . . achieves new knowledge, creates new visions, new theories of life . . . and destiny and God" is not for women. "These always have been and always will be the gift of the gods to man."

WOMAN "is not inferior to man in any mental ability yet tested." But the damning fact remains that although women seem *capable* of great flights, they have not taken them.

The old plea of her subjection to male domination does not wholly account, says Dr. Wiggam, for woman's ineffectualness. It was for woman to master her own fate, to force recognition from men.

But in saying this I think he underestimates the accumulating weight of the injustices that have forced women down through all the ages. Perhaps no man ever can appreciate them fully. To be enslaved, ignored, burdened, punished, unrewarded, scorned, belittled even for a few days, has a fearful effect upon a child. Child culturists now are spending their lives, spending millions of dollars yearly in trying to undo the harm such experiences have done to the delicate soul-and-mind tissues of certain children, trying to obliterate the effects of what we glibly call an inferiority complex. The truth is that the child who has been frightened, punished, snubbed, forced back into himself or herself, may never rise to normal free development again.

Why is this not true in a much wider and deeper sense of the sex that under all tribal laws and in all civilizations has been stamped as inferior?

Royally, boldly, the other sex has pursued its advantages. Henry VIII of England, his court meanwhile flattering his mistresses, had chopped from their young white shoulders the heads of two beautiful young wives. George I, bringing two courtesans to London, kept his own beautiful wife a prisoner in the lonely old castle of Ahlden for thirty years. Deprived of her children, closely confined, it was her fate to eat her heart out, to go slowly mad under her husband's punishment.

Forty years ago half the English novels dealt with the strange law of primogeniture. Sisters were born—three, four, seven, ten of them—to be increasingly reproached and scorned; if milord and milady were to hold the oak-shaded acres, to continue to possess the great fortune, there must be a boy! One may easily gather that the courage, individuality, talents of the girls were not likely to flourish in that atmosphere.

And in England, then as today, the laws were much more generous to women than were the laws elsewhere. In a great part of southern Europe today no woman may control her own property, although she be an heiress and her husband a beggar; no woman has legal claim on her child; no woman may bring a lawsuit under any condition, or cast a vote concerning property even though she owns it.

In Europe today there are nations whose men strike, beat, abuse their women quite as a matter of course. There are nations whose men ride placidly on donkey back, the women, carrying heavy loads on their heads



From the painting by Boutet de Monvel

"As for Joan of Arc, leading men, judged by men, burned alive by men, raised by men to sainthood, now . . . men are attempting to prove that she was not a woman at all."

and often further burdened by approaching motherhood, plodding wearily in the hot white dust behind. In several states women are supposedly disgraced by childbearing; they must creep away to barns or hedges, must be purified by religious rites afterward. In one country the father goes to bed on these occasions, and the mother rises to prepare the feast for his friends. In several South American countries a young wife is not allowed to speak in public for the first year.

These instances are not from the Orient, where women are admittedly at a disadvantage; they are the actual conditions controlling the women of Christian nations.

IN South America a rich and prominent woman, speaking to me of the beautiful water-front boulevard that had been built some thirty years before, said with a smile:

"Those were the days when all our nursemaids got sick! You see, we wives were never allowed to leave our houses and gardens. Whenever my sister's husband went away he put her in the convent—even after she had had several children. My husband had an old servant of his mother's who watched me. Every night he would ask her what I had done. But when they were building the new *marina* we could sometimes bribe the maids to let us wear their aprons and caps and slip out with the babies to see what was going on! And how we loved being in the streets, free! I was but sixteen when I married," she said, "and whenever I was bad my husband would say to me, 'It is time you had another baby to keep you quiet!'"

"And how many did you have, señora?"

"Fifteen. It is only when you are old and ugly and shaped like a bag," she said, "that the men leave you for other women!"

Throughout the whole world, a hundred brief years ago, the woman of the laboring and lower middle classes was a drudge.

In higher circles her fate was either that of barren, twisted, superfluous spinsterhood, the comic old maid of all the old books and plays, or she married

and went into a prolonged experience of childbearing. Centuries of this sort of thing, and much worse, have not tended to develop initiative, courage, originality, independence in the female.

An interesting feature of the pitiful list of names that Dr. Wiggam quotes as Dr. Cattell's nominations for lasting fame among women is that few of them obeyed those laws men have laid down for the decent of their sex. From the history-making immoralities of Cleopatra, Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, George Eliot, and George Sand, down to the more moderate acts of Christina of Sweden, Anne of England, Mme. Sévigné, Mme. de Maintenon, Mme. de Staël, Isabella of Spain, Napoleon's Josephine, and Maria Theresa of Austria, they have almost without exception been women of whose lives, morals, and policies men heartily disapproved. Their stories are stories of long wars against ministers, critics, moralists, conventions.

As for Joan of Arc, leading men, judged by men, burned alive by men, raised by men to sainthood, now a fresh generation of men is attempting to prove that she was not a woman at all. Whether they get very far with their argument or not, at least her stubborn adherence to male attire stamps Joan as having something in common with the others—Mrs. Pankhurst, Miss Wollstonecraft, Mrs. Bloomer, and Mrs. Nation—in her determination to say what she believed and do as she liked.

Whatever their second-rate fame is worth, women have not been popular in winning it. The simple answer of the male has too often been beheading, burning, exile, imprisonment, or ostracism.

But the real questions are: First, why did woman ever yield supremacy to man if she were capable of maintaining it herself? And second, is she ever going to get it back?

To answer the second question first: yes, she is winning it back so rapidly that one can hardly pick up a newspaper or magazine article without coming upon some masculine protest. On my desk today lies the agitated letter of a Kansas editor who predicts in panic terror that within a few decades the world will be as definitely under the control of women as it has been for so long under that of men. A few months ago in Hyde Park, London, I heard a most eloquent warning from a man to men in exactly the same tone.

The first question is equally answerable: the reason one sex gave the other the lead is a physical and physiological one. For the greater part of their lives the women of yesterday were ill. Not only were they subject to the physical tides that are matched by definite mental and spiritual reactions, but the conditions in which they lived, the burdens of childbearing before the young body had reached maturity and before anæsthetics and sanitary care had made it comparatively comfortable and safe; the ignorance that saw no cure for indigestion, decaying teeth, blinding headaches, consumption, and a thousand other ills, had the effect of still further crippling the sex that was already crippled by laws and customs. It is not surprising that on certain old New England gravestones we find records of the "third"—"fifth"—"seventh wife of the above."

GIVEN this much start, the exultant male naturally came to his own conclusions about a "weaker sex." But as a matter of simple biological truth women never have been the weaker sex; women never stayed out of wars and feuds and vendettas, crusades and piracy and torture and inquisitions, because they had not *strength* to face them! They kept away because they saw from the very beginning how stupid, revengeful, wasteful, expensive, and ridiculous all these things were; and today men—because of woman's guidance—are beginning to see them that way too.

Lessened and controlled childbearing has done more than any other one thing to set woman free. In an ideal world every woman would want children, because women's hearts and souls are made that way. Man's desire is for woman, but few mothers of children ever put a man first again. Millions of women would change their husbands for a large monetary consideration, or even a small one. But the mother who will sell her child always makes the

first page of the newspapers, and even then usually changes her mind.

But the world is not ideal. The men who rule us have permitted slums, prisons, wars, poverty, hunger, drunkenness, desertion to rule them. None of these things is necessary; for all of them there are simple cures. Seeing all that, it is too much to expect women to take man's hand cheerfully, descend into this hell of his making, submit not only themselves but the children they love so dearly to darkened and twisted lives.

Every potential mother who is not influenced by religious considerations is controlling this situation today. Even under the strictest of creeds there are permissible ways and means of preventing the abuse of a woman's body and soul that the old license in marriage so often proved to be. The days of despairing, exhausted, rebellious, incessant motherhood are over.

IT is amusing to read in the life of the great Victoria, who adored her children, a protest against too constant childbearing. To the faultless Albert who fathered the nursery, and to her uncle, King Leopold, she voices a complaint—even England's noblest sovereign must appeal to her men. One wonders if she asked them permission to have the agonies of giving birth lessened with the new anæsthetics. She was a pioneer in their use, and for that reason, if for no other, statues of Victoria should be raised wherever women have money to pay for them. The men of the day—doctors and clergymen and fathers—were against any softening of the "primal curse." Even today in America many obstetricians are not permitted to use them without the husband's permission. The wife's feeling in the matter does not count.

And speaking of Victoria, let us take count of those fields where women *have* shown themselves great. They have been great actresses, great singers and dancers; above all, they have been great rulers. Under Catherine of Russia, Anne, Elizabeth, Victoria, nations have had their most prosperous days. There were wars while they ruled, but they were wars of defense; industry and husbandry, clinics and hospitals, shelters and schools all flourished under women rulers; some of them originated while women were on the throne. Florence Nightingale did no more for today's soldiers all over the world than Elizabeth Fry did for the prisoners of all time, and Elizabeth Barrett for the children that might have been in our mines and are not there. Asking themselves surprisedly, "Why are men fools?" the women were awakening even in the era of these women. Mary Shelley, Frances Willard, Emmeline Pankhurst, Carrie Nation, Sarah Hale, Harriet Stowe—the story of their varied lives says but one thing: "Why?"

Why slums and hunger and war and prisons and slavery and drink? Why so many lives wasted? What's the matter with the men that they don't see what they're doing? That prisons create criminals, that poverty breeds ignorance and ignorance danger, that wars destroy first of all the nations that wage them, that children are our gold and we must not debase and exploit them?

And in answer to this strengthening voice from the world's women the first of the readjustments have already come. From Jane Austen publishing her novels in shy anonymity, and George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë assuming male noms de plume to give their works any chance at all, we have emerged into a freer air. If America ever produces another Emily Dickinson she will not be a shy little New England spinster, hiding away in an old bureau the most exquisite quatrains ever penned by human hands, pruning roses, straining jelly, slipping about a professor-father's study with her duster quietly, not to disturb the sacred privacy of the head of the house.

Emily Dickinson! I herewith present her as my candidate for the title of the first woman genius of letters, not ranking with Shakespeare and Dante, Tolstoy and Goethe, but far ahead of any woman who ever wrote, far ahead of many of the men who were called "geniuses" in their own time: Longfellow, Lowell, Swinburne, Byron, Tennyson, Rosetti—ahead of so much of Browning and Wordsworth, abreast of so much of Shelley and Keats!

The surprising thing, after so many centuries of suppression, is that a voice like hers ever was heard at all.

Dr. Wiggam is puzzled because women have not been quicker to establish their claim on supremacy, if they have one. This is to say that after three or four thousand years of complete subjection the other sex has controlled them, it is astonishing that a few decades of only comparative freedom have not served to equalize all scores and wipe out all injustices.

Why, no women in the world have even half their—well, suppose we use the old-fashioned word—

“rights.” No women in the world even today have their rights, and more than half the women in the world are still living under the old restrictions and inhibitions of the Middle Ages and the harem. Surely Dr. Wiggam, surely no man imagines that matters are adjusted to every one’s satisfaction now?

Most men never picture a world free from wars, poverty, slums, sweatshops, soldiery, hunger, prisons, and politics as they are today. Their world always has had these things, and although some men frankly admit that they are unnecessary, expensive, and distressing, few men know that women are already using their strength definitely to destroy them. And until these are gone no woman will go in seriously for music or art. To women who love children first of all, pictures, music, books, diamonds, religious and national quarrels—all the things of which men have made the world—are less important than the humble creation of comfort where want and suffering have been, the putting of food before the hungry, the sheltering of a child’s head under a shawl.

The rising tide of evidence for those things that *are* important to women is proving to us already that hers is not a man’s conception of genius at all.

THESE things are women’s present form of self-expression. They seem urgent, all-absorbing to her. Women applaud Amelia Earhart and Edna Millay, but their passionate admiration is reserved for Jane Addams and Frances Willard and Catherine Booth. There have been many second-rate female writers; women have made no claims for them. In the days of my youth we had hundreds of male “geniuses,” but who reads Howells, Stockton, Davis, Jerome, Cooper, Gunther, Fitch, Hewlett; who reads even Henry James today? Women were writing books quite as good as theirs then; women today are writing books quite as good as those of Galsworthy, Bennett, Barrie, Wells, Noyes, Phillips. Kipling, Clemens, Dickens, Whitman remain on their heights, but there was a time when Thackeray, Scott, both Kingsleys, Trollope, and all these others were rated as high as they.

In short, when women reach for genius they will not find many contenders. Genius is a big word. Meanwhile our sex need not reproach itself if for those biological moments that are the next few centuries it finds something else with which to occupy its recently enfranchised powers. We are not ready to compete just yet. This is really what every woman knows: that however soothing music may be, however inspiring poetry and drama, however agreeable to the eyes pictures of angels and Madonnas may be, they do not answer the great questions that humanity has been asking for thousands of years, they do not dispose of the terrible indictment man may bring against his brother man.



From Culver Service

Anne Boleyn's last appeal. "Henry VIII, his court meanwhile flattering his mistresses, had chopped from their shoulders the heads of two wives."

uniforms, flags, phrases like “debt of honor” for gambling bills and “dearer than life itself” for the innocence of women that they destroy without compunction. Women are more practical. Mere pictures do not satisfy them in a world so bitterly in need of real food, shelter, nursing, cooking.

A FUNERAL in our town the other day gave another example of this difference. The deceased man, who left an estate of about five thousand dollars to a wife and three small children, had requested in his will that an eight-hundred-dollar stone be erected to his memory. His business associates sent him a pall of roses and ordered—the widow was unable to attend to these details, and they kindly relieved her—a three-hundred-dollar coffin for which she will pay. Neighboring women took her fresh bread and soup, cake and a baked ham, made up beds and cleaned the children, loaned her black clothes and widow’s veil. What the neighboring women could have done for her with the eleven hundred dollars I hate to think!

This theory of mine—that what men call masterpieces are not always important to women—is not more fantastic than the ones Dr. Wiggam quotes.

Whatever the reason is, we men and women agree, because we must, that there are to date no women geniuses. But again we all agree, and again because we must, that women are advancing toward the point when they will capture that last citadel.

Meanwhile it is good to be old enough to contrast the position of the sex thirty-five years ago with that of the sex today. It is good to remember oneself as an office clerk in 1900, dragging long skirts in muddy streets, choked with a high stock, born in a time when there were no votes, no gyms, no health, no sensible clothing for women, when her salary was one third of a man’s, and a brother had to take her to the office in the morning and call for her at night lest she be attacked by wandering swains.

Those were the days of sweatshops, child labor in mills, crossed little eyes and twisted little feet, labor strikes, slums, tuberculosis, smallpox. Schools were jails in those days, and any child who did not behave was expelled or thrashed by the teacher. Flies got into the baby’s milk bottle. Every mother worried about every boy after dinner; three out of every four corners in crowded neighborhoods were occupied by saloons.

Give us another hundred years, gentlemen. Give us a little more time to clean the house and fill the lamps. Help us to outlaw war, prostitution, drunkenness, illness, poverty, dirt, crime, slums. You’ll see!

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THE END

Every one who pored over Pearl Buck’s *The Good Earth* with the same delight that I did will remember the episode of the child who stole some meat in time of famine. The father, furious at the culprit, flings it away. The mother, whose small children are starving, goes after it and picks it out of the mud, observing simply, “Meat is meat.” And this is just as typical of the attitude of the two sexes as anything else in the whole extraordinary book. Men like music, bands,

Body Farnsworth Is In Again! If You Met Her In These Pages a Fortnight Ago You Have Some Idea of What Awaits You in This Hilarious Love Story

"Don't you think that's a little—er—chorus-girlish, Eric?" asked Mrs. Prentice, looking at me through her lorgnette.

Oh What A



READING TIME
28 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IT all began with my seeing my Dream Dress in a shop window—or maybe it began with my having a terrible toothache.

I'd better begin with the toothache. It ached. It started aching one bright June morning and while mentally I can admit that something else may have hurt somebody else worse—I mean like Joan of Arc getting burned up or the man who was chewed by the ravens—emotionally, I'd have to be roasted or eaten before I'd believe it.

The dentist at Charity Cove, like all the other native inhabitants, has an aura of fish about him; and the taste of fish in my mouth when I'm not eating it, is too much. Mother finally agreed that Ted, who is my oldest and most brotherly brother, could drive me to Boston where

we'd stay overnight at a hotel, which ordinarily I'd have been thrilled by, but the way I felt that morning nothing made any difference.

My tooth ached in three states—Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts—and I didn't even put on extra lipstick to annoy Dr. Warren like I usually do. I'll skip the painful details of two hours in the Chair; finally it was over and I went out. In a daze I tottered down Boylston Street, and suddenly there in a window was The Dress.

If you had hair that was more gold than red, and eyes that admirers have called amber, with lashes almost as dark naturally as they turn out to be with a little encouragement, how would this strike you for a dress—

Tangled Web...

by **PHYLLIS DUGANNE**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE



and don't all speak at once! East Indian silk, very sheer and shimmery, the color of apricots and honey and coffee with cream in it all mixed together, woven with little gold stars, and made with an

enormously full, swirling skirt and a top that would never keep a girl warm in a northeast storm.

I could just see myself in it, panicking all comers, with gold slippers and scads of barbaric gold jewelry clattering like a milkwagon at dawn. I mean it was My Dress. If it had had a card with PROPERTY OF DOROTHEA FARNSWORTH printed on it, I wouldn't have been sur-

prised. A sort of duchess advanced toward me when I went inside the shop. I murmured that I'd like to try on the little dress in the window. Ye gods, it was perfect!

I was staring, positively speechless at my own beauty, when a voice behind me said, "It happens about once in a lifetime, doesn't it? That dress was made for you!"

I turned, and there was this really awfully attractive older girl, about twenty years old, with dark hair and the bluest eyes I ever saw. I didn't realize at first she was a salesgirl.

"Do I dare ask the price?" I inquired. "I mean you'd better break it to me gently—like he's sick, he's very sick, he's dying, he's dead."

She smiled, and when better dimples are made I'd like to see 'em.

"Twenty dollars," she said. "Thirty. Forty. Fifty—"

"Oh, don't!" I implored.

"Sixty-five," she finished.

"It might just as well be six thousand," I said. "But of course I have to have it."

"Obviously," she agreed. "How much have you got?"

I laughed hollowly. "Well, I've only *got* twenty-five," I admitted. "But—"

"There are ways and ways," she finished as I paused. "I'll go and see how much of a reduction we can make."

SHE came back. "Fifty," she said. She was smiling. "I think I know how you could earn some money." They were short a size fourteen model, and there was this important customer coming in the next day to outfit her daughter. "You're a perfect fourteen," she said, "and I'm sure Madame Clare would like you. Shall I take you in to her?"

I held my breath. "Wouldn't you say that sufficient unto the day is the trouble thereof?" I asked.

"Practically my motto," she agreed.

Madame Clare turned out to be redheaded and Irish, with very sharp eyes, and nobody's fool.

"Hmph!" she said, looking me up and down. "How will your family like your modeling?"

"You got little birds around here to fly to Maine and tell 'em?" I came back.

"Miss Farnsworth will look exactly the way Mrs. Prentice hopes her daughter will look," my salesgirl friend put in.

"I thought of that, too," said Madame Clare. "Well, it's your business, my dear, not mine. I'll pay you five dollars a day."

Ted and I were supposed to start back for Maine in the dawn. I looked at the salesgirl reflectively. Ted is good, noble, and virtuous, but he also falls for girls like nobody's business—and always for sort of queer girls. I mean he's twenty-three years old and he's never yet rushed a girl in his own set. Once he was just dithering over one of father's stenographers. He says girls who don't work aren't interesting.

"Look here," I said, "What's your name?"

"Ann March," she told me.

"Well, look, Ann," I went on. "I don't suppose you're just a girl scout—not with your looks—but if you

wanted to coöperate, you could do an awful lot for me." She looked at her wrist watch. "We'll close here in about ten minutes. Want to have a soda with me and talk it over?"

Between sips of a divine soda, I told her how it was with young Theodore Farnsworth. "He's really a lamb," I said. "Not enough of a lamb to lend his sister twenty-five potatoes, of course, but pretty sweet. Now if he could get interested in you, you see—"

Ann March was laughing at me. "Just how do you expect me to go about this—er—seduction?"

"Oh, I don't expect you to go as far as that," I told her, and she laughed again and murmured "Thanks." "What I thought," I went on, "was I'd take you back to the hotel with me and say I'd met you before, you see—maybe you're not just an ordinary shopgirl—maybe your family Lost All in the depression and you're working off the mortgage or something—"

"Maybe that's it," she said, her eyes very bright.

"Ted'll have to take us to dinner and a show," I said. "If we work it right, we ought to get a lot of fun out of it. Oh, gee, Ann, if you'd help me, I'd do anything for you! Maybe we could get you a job in a shop up at Bar Harbor or something."

She was still laughing at me, but I can take it when big issues are at stake.

"I'll tell Ted I went to school with your kid sister," I said. "And how you're slaving here in Boston all summer—he'll go for that—and you don't have to do a thing but just encourage him a little. I know Ted."

I don't know what she found so funny, really. "All right, Lucrezia Borgia," she agreed. "I'm glad we don't have to kill any one."

My big brother was completely gaga within five minutes of first seeing her.

All the Farnsworth men are tall, and Teddy is no exception. He hasn't got a certain something I demand in my men—a sort of rough take-it-or-leave-it air—but perhaps being his sister makes a difference. And he is good-looking, fairish, with gray eyes and a nice curly mouth. Ann seemed to like him okay.

From a purely material stand, it would have been a lot cheaper for Ted to have given me the twenty-five dollars in the first place and just taken me and my dress home, but naturally he wouldn't know about that and there didn't seem any good way to tell him. Besides, we were having a slick time. We took in a show and a roof.

I never felt closer to Ted than I did next morning at breakfast, much more like a friend than a relative. We were linked together in crime. He knew as well as I did that mother wouldn't want me hanging around Boston.

"Looka!" I said. "Let's wire mother first that Dr. Warren wants to remodel another tooth, and that we'll start for home either tomorrow or next day. Then, with a little carefully arranged car trouble—honestly, Ted," I added, my eyes getting earnest and intense, "I'm simply crazy to take on this job, and it's only for five days! It ought to—you know, give me a better sense of values and all like that, to earn my own living."

WELL, Dody the Beautiful Sewing-Machine Model, the Perfect Thirty-two, tripped off to work, arriving five minutes early.

"How'd you like Ted?" I asked Ann.

"He's a darling," she answered warmly. "It isn't hard work at all, Dody!"

I wondered if I ought to remind her that this was only a game; I mean, once I got my dress it was all over. But then Madame Clare called me for some practice modeling.

It seems this Mrs. Mortimer Prentice was quite a big shot. She sailed in like a yacht at ten o'clock but, instead of towing daughter in her wake, darned if she didn't have her son, and my heart turned a couple of quick flip-flops.

The Prentice heiress was laid up with the mumps, so the Prentice heir had been brought along to speak up for the younger generation, and the Prentice heir was certainly a smooth-looking article. About seventeen, slim and very dark, with snappy dark eyes and the neatest clothes: flannels as white as a snow bank, and an elegant panama.

I came demurely out, and young Mr. Prentice sat up and showed sudden interest in helping Mamma shop. I turned around, displaying the best-looking back in the state of Maine; one thing I will say for myself is that I get a tan that few, if any, can surpass.

"Don't you think that's a little—er—chorus-girlish, Eric?" asked Mrs. Prentice, looking at me through her lorgnette like I was stuffed.

Eric gave me another look. "It won't be on Allegra," he came back, and I swallowed a giggle. "We'd better see some bathing suits, too, don't you think, mater?"

His mother gave him a piercing glance.

I popped in and out of sports dresses, afternoon frocks, evening things.

"It's reahhly extra'd'n'ry what manner these models have, isn't it?" Mrs. Prentice murmured, just as if I couldn't hear. "This girl looks like any of the girls at home."

"You flatter 'em," murmured Eric back. I was getting quite fond of that lad. "How's Allegra off for underwear?"

This time his mamma actually snorted, and I actually giggled. I mean honestly!

WELL, when it was all over and Mrs. Prentice had bought so many dresses that Allegra could set up a shop if the family fortune failed, Madame Clare gave me a little pat as she went by. Mrs. Prentice and son departed, and in about one minute, back popped Junior! It seems he's forgotten his hat, his lovely panama.

"Look," he said to me. "Honestly I'm not trying to get fresh, but couldn't I see you again?"

I looked at him coolly, the poor but honest working girl in every way.

He got red. "I mean—of course I can see you're used to knocking people for a row of ninepins, but—I'm really a nice fellow and—what about a show tonight?"

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Prentice," I said, "but I have an engagement with my brother and another girl."

"Couldn't I make the fourth?" he fell into the breach. "I was going to suggest that you bring a couple of friends, anyway." He smiled. "Please!" he said.

"I don't know what my brother'd say," I murmured, which was true.

"Eric!" said the voice of Mamma, from the doorway.

"Coming," he called. "What time are you through here?" he hissed at me. I was so startled I told him. "Abyssinia," he said, and trotted off.

"Well!" said Ann March, over my shoulder. "You work fast, don't you, Dody?"

"Didn't you think he was cute?" I asked. "Now, you see, I'll have some one to dance with tonight!"

She shook her head. "Dody, you make me feel like an old-fashioned girl."

"Well, it isn't as if I couldn't meet him if I wanted to," I defended myself. "I mean, we must have thousands of mutual friends—only it's more fun pretending to be a shopgirl. I mean, of course you mightn't see it that way on account of—oh, it's hard to explain."

"I think I understand," Ann said, and for a minute I thought she was offended or something; but when I looked at her, I saw she was just laughing again. "What do you think Ted will say?"

"Of course you could help a lot there," I told her. "I mean, either say it was all right, or that he was an old friend of yours or something."

Ann just shouted. "Well, Scheherazade got away with it for a thousand and one nights," she commented. "Do your English teachers tell you that you have a vivid imagination, Dody?"

"Uh-huh," I said.

At five when Ann and I went out, there was Eric, waiting by the door. I introduced Ann, and we sauntered downstreet and across the Public Gardens to the hotel. I thought of telling Eric that my brother was a waiter there, but then I decided that was a little too much.

I pulled a grand line all evening, a sort of oh-do-tell-me-how-the-other-half-lives, and Eric swallowed it—hook, line, and sinker. He was entering Harvard in the fall, and I looked wistful and said, "Oh how I'd love to go to a dance there sometime or a football game," but our hero

did not tumble. You could see that he thought I was a pretty cute trick, but you could also see, without using your spectacles, that he was well aware of the difference in our stations.

When he said that he was going to their summer place in Maine in a few days, I nearly passed out, and Ted, the big dummy, looked up and said, "Oh, that's quite near us!"

"We've worked up there for several summers," I explained, glaring at Ted. "I'm a waitress at the Inn."

Ted glared back at me, and then Ann's hand went out and patted his fist soothingly and he looked pleasant again.

I made a date with Eric for lunch the next day; I knew Ted wouldn't let me go out alone with him in the evening, much as he might like to have Ann to himself; somehow people never think Dire Things can happen to a girl at lunchtime, though.

MAYBE I'm just a little bit impressionable but before lunch was over I really honestly cared for Eric. He had a cute line, and I could see without straining my eyes that he liked me plenty. It's a funny thing about love. Of course Tiny Grant, at home, who is six feet tall, twenty years old, and practically priceless, is The Only One—my hero, my all-in-all, my Everything, so to speak. I'd had an unrequited passion for Tiny for literally years, and this summer fate and a little intensive action on my part had at last brought results. Tiny cared, too.

But the odd thing about that was that it left me sort of stopped. I mean it had never entered my head that once a passion is requited, there's nothing much to do about it any more, but such is the case. It's like going back to the beginning of a book you adored and reading it over again. If it was a good book, it's still a good book, but the suspense is gone. That's not in any way reflecting on Tiny's lure, because I shall always think he's the most attractive man in circulation; it's just to explain how it was about Eric Prentice.

Well. So Eric said how's about us four stepping out again and I said oke and we did. The next morning Ted wired Mother that the car was laid up, and I began my third day as a working-girl.

Eric came to take me to lunch again; I suggested the Copley, and right away he looked so alarmed and unwilling that I saw he had Reasons for not going there and here was a chance for me to test my Power over him. I practically had to drag him there—and the Reason, large as life and twice as natural, was sitting at a table with another old Boston lady. Mrs. Mortimer Prentice in Person.

Her eyebrows went so far up into her coiffure when she saw us that I was afraid she'd never get them down again. Eric said, "Hello, mother," kind of faintly, and we went on to our table. After a while a waiter came over with the message that the young gentleman's mother would like to speak to him. He came back looking about ten years his junior, which made it seven years old.

I realized that here was a real test for my charms. In two minutes, more or less, by letting the lady snob know who I was—not Andrew Farnsworth's daughter, you deah child!—everything would be okay. But I wanted Eric to like me for myself alone.

"We're driving to Maine in the morning," he told me, "so I'm afraid I won't be able to get out tonight."

"W-w-woe is me," said I coldly.

"You'll let me know as soon as you come up there, though, won't you?" he implored.

"I don't think so," I said. "Why should I?"



My escort was pale and perspiring as we entered the sacred precincts.

He looked stricken. "Oh, Dody, you know I'm crazy about you! Honest!"

"You'll get over it," I told him.

At the door of Madame Clare's, I put out my hand.

"Farewell," I murmured.

He hung on. "No!" he exclaimed with sudden resolution. "Dody, I'll get out tonight if I have to climb through the window! I'll be here at five."

"Mamma'll spank," I told him.

"I'll be here," he said through his teeth.

TED was waiting at the door for us wage slaves, too; he drew me aside.

"I don't know what makes our maternal parent so suspicious—unless it's having raised four children," he told me. "Mother telephoned that if the car isn't ready tomorrow, you're to come home on the train."

"Oh," said I hollowly. When mother says something, we do it—what I mean.

"You'd better tell your boss now," he said.

My eyes filled with tears. "Ted, will you lend me ten dollars?" I asked.

"What for?" he said.

"It's practically life and death," I answered earnestly. "Honest, I'll pay you back some day." He looked very uninterested. "Maybe Ann will," I added hopefully. "I'll go ask her."

Well, that worked. No man likes to appear stingy. He gave me the ten, and I went in to Madame Clare. When I came out, with the dress and no money, our little four-some was no longer cozy. A large glittering car was drawn up at the curb, and Eric was climbing into the back beside Mamma. Did I feel flat! He never even glanced my way, and off they went.

"The apron strings are stronger than the heartstrings, Dody," said Ted, laughing at my stricken face.

I sniffed. "Speak for yourself, John," I said.

Did he get sore! "Just for that, you can have your bread and milk in your room tonight!" he came back.

"Ted!" Ann put her hand on his arm. "Don't be an oaf, darling." Darling! thought I to myself, my eyes widening.

I began to wonder what I'd started. Mother is no Mrs. Mortimer Prentice, but still Ted is her first-born and her darling, and nice though Ann March was we didn't know anything about her. I mean she was simply a girl in a shop after all. We walked back to the hotel where I went upstairs and left my dress and when I came down, Ann and Ted were talking together earnestly. It certainly looked like love, and I ought to know.

After dinner and a movie, they took Baby home, and went out together into the night, and I sat by the window and pondered. Here I was thinking less than nothing of Eric because he didn't dare associate with me on account of his mother thought I was the Lower Classes, and yet when it came to my own brother—well—

Ted was so cheerful at breakfast that I stopped worrying. He whistled and he hummed and he sang as we drove north, and I was feeling pretty good myself. I had the dress, and we were on our way home, to Tiny and the beach and the boats and everything. We swept into Charity Cove at dusk, and at our own pier—our house is on an island about a mile off the Cove—there were Tiny and the Groundhog, which latter is Public Enemy Number One around our part of the country and my thirteen-year-old brother who I mostly wish had never been born.

Love really has its Moments. I looked at Tiny Grant, and I marvelled that I could have toyed with Eric even for a second. Every time I catch a sudden glimpse of Tiny, with his hair that gets more golden as he gets more tanned and his positively sumptuous shoulders, it's like I was seeing him for the first time and resolving to Get That Man or die in the attempt.

"Hello, Tarzan!" I said. "How's the old metabolism, today?"

"Everything under control," he came back, with his divine grin.

"Why'n't ya kiss her?" sneered the Groundhog, who can be counted on always to say the right thing at the wrong time. The Groundhog has always worshipped Tiny, but this year on account of Tiny going for me, he's decided there must be a flaw in him somewhere.

"Don't mind if I do," said Mon Héro calmly, and did.

Well, that was all right, too. We dumped our luggage in the sailboat and shoved off for home. Tiny stayed for dinner, and that evening I told him All.

"I know the Prentices," he said. "Bill Prentice is a junior at Princeton—he's the best of the bunch, but they're all snobs."

I made him promise that if Eric did turn up, he wouldn't give me away; and the next day I popped into the Inn to warn Cap'n and Mrs. Penny that I was a waitress there in case anybody wanted to know.

WELL, the next thing was that Ted had got mother to write Ann March and invite her to the island for her vacation. I didn't know what to do.

"Did you tell mother she's a shopgirl?" I asked him.

"Dody," said Ted, "there are times when I could cheerfully choke you, you're so dumb!"

I shrugged. It was Ted's business, after all.

The next day when I went for the mail, there was this snappy-looking roadster outside the post office, and none other than Eric Prentice climbing out of it.

"Dody!" he cried fervently. "I was just about to inquire for you! What luck!"

"What a break for me!" I retorted, chill in my voice.

"Aw, don't be that way!" he pleaded. "Can you go for a drive?"

"I can," I answered. "The question is, why should I?"

"Please!" he begged me.

"After the way you stood me up last time?" I inquired.

"That was a nice way to treat a respectable working girl! You'd think I was a leper!"

"You just don't understand," he cried. "Get in and I'll explain."

He was practically in tears.

Well, I got in. It turned out that he had never cared for a girl like he did for me. He didn't care who I was or who my people were—I told him my father was a fire-

man, and he took it like a little man takes castor oil.

"You're ashamed of me," I said, sniffing. "You don't think I'm good enough for your sister to meet."

"My sister!" repeated Eric. "What do you want to meet her for? Dody, you make Allegra look like something the cat brought in! What can I do to prove it?"

I thought fast. "Take me to a dance at the Cedar Point Club," I said.

Cedar Point is about as ritzy as country clubs come; we belong to it because father likes to play the golf course there sometimes, and once in a while we go there to dance, though it's a little archaic. Stuffed chaperones sit around the walls, and lads with flowers in their button-holes are sent up to tap your shoulder if they think your dancing is a little—you know—extreme.

Well, Eric paled. "I can't do that, Dody!" he choked. "You see, you're not a member."

"Welcher!" I said. "I know as well as you do that doesn't matter!" I put up my chin. "If you'll drive me back to the town, now—"

"You wouldn't have a good time," he said. "Every one knows every one else and—well, they mightn't be nice to you."

"Tiny Grant took me to a dance at the Yacht Club and I had a lovely time!" I said.

DID that burn him up! He knew all about Tiny, and nothing either true or good about him. It seems that Tiny's intentions toward me must be The Worst, and I must never trust myself with him again. A man like that might amuse himself with a girl like me, but that was all. Pick me up, and then cast me aside like an old shoe.

"Well, that's my price!" I stated. "Either you take me to Cedar Point or somebody else does—and will, don't you worry about that!"

Finally he promised, but if he'd been signing his own death warrant he couldn't have been more deeply moved. I was almost sorry for him.

Tiny looked at me suspiciously when I told him.

"You're not playing me false, are you, Wench?" he demanded. "I'll cut your heart out, if any, if you are!"

"Don't be an oyster," I told him. "This is going to be good! He's calling for me at the Inn—I've got it all fixed with the Pennys."

My enthusiasm was a little dimmed because who should arrive the fatal day but Ann March. I mean I was glad to see her and all like that, but I didn't know if mother was going to blame me or not. Ted certainly had it bad. Ann's clothes naturally were in the best taste, simple and smart, and of course her table manners and everything were like anyone else's. Mother and father seemed crazy about her.

I told mother I was dressing at the Grants, because what she doesn't know doesn't hurt her and explaining Eric would have been sort of complicated. Tiny and Polly Grant, who is his younger sister and my chum, were coming to Cedar Point together; it seems Polly had met Eric somewhere and was nourishing a Secret Passion for him, so I thought we could kill two birds with one stone later in the evening, us swapping Eric and Tiny.

Just for the fun of it, I put on a cap and apron and came scurrying out the kitchen door of the Inn to greet Eric. He sort of blinked, and Cap'n Penny strolled up and said, "You take good care o' Dody, young fella! She's a good girl!" and glared so fiercely that I think visions of shotgun weddings danced before Eric's eyes.

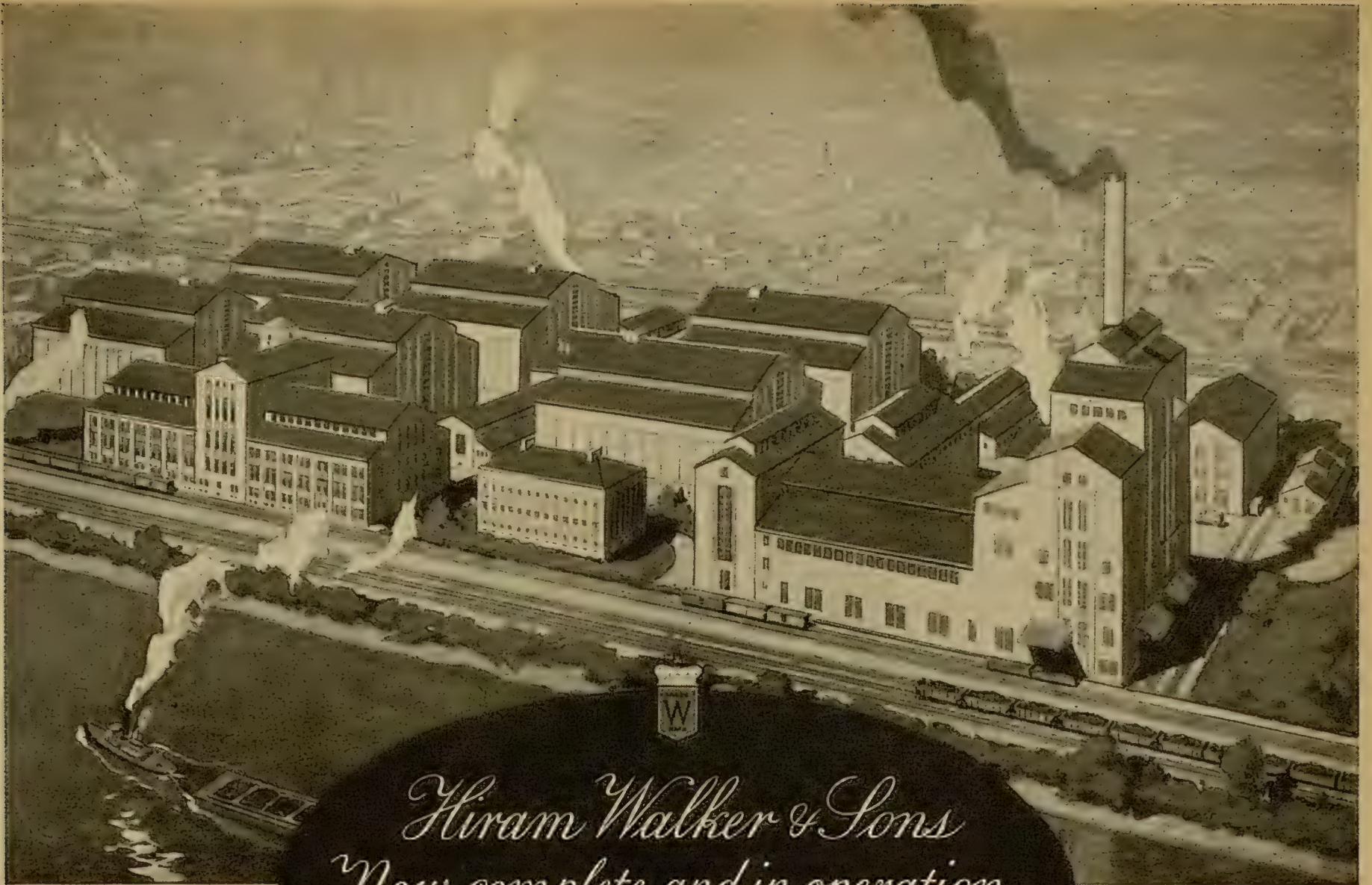
The Dress was even better than I'd remembered it, and when I came down, Eric gasped.

"You're going to be the best looking girl there," he said.

"D'you like it?" I murmured. "It's a little thing I ran up on Mrs. Penny's sewing-machine yesterday." Awk!

My escort was pale and perspiring as we entered the sacred precincts of Cedar Point. But I smiled at him so sweetly and murmured that this was the happiest moment of my life, and he put his shoulders back and said it was the proudest moment of his. Was that white of him! Mrs. Prentice's little boy Eric was being made a man of, in spite of his Mamma.

Tiny and Polly (Continued on page twenty-four)



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(Continued from page twenty-two) were standing by the door, and Eric and I had scarcely danced ten steps before Tiny cut in. Eric gave him a sour look, and Polly gave me an ecstatic one.

"That the dress?" Tiny asked. "Pretty smooth, Dody." A lorgnette suddenly flashed from the side lines, and there was Mrs. Mortimer Prentice, losing her eyebrows again, staring at me.

First the deah lady beckoned an usher. Do you know who that girl is? was the obvious question, because the usher looked at me and shook his head regretfully. Then her eyes began scouting about for Eric, but Polly, the angel, had him out on the terrace already. As the music stopped, darned if this mush-faced usher didn't approach us!

"Hello, Tiny," he said. "Mrs. Prentice wants you to bring your partner over to her."

"Scared?" Tiny asked, and I shook my head and started across the room.

"You're the Grant boy, I believe," the lady said. "I know your mother." Then she looked at me and, boy-oh-boy, what a look! Straight to the jaw! "Sit down a minute," she told me. "You may go," she ordered Tiny. I nodded at him as he hesitated. "Aren't you the girl who showed clothes for me at Madame Clare's?" she came to the point.

"Yes, Mrs. Prentice," I said demurely.

"Extra'd'n'ry!" she murmured. "May I ask who brought you to this club?"

"Certainly," I said, polite. "Your son Eric."

I'LL say for old Granite Face that she took it well, though I guess she wasn't surprised.

"My dear, I want to have a little talk with you," she said. "Will you come into the library with me?"

She was thinking of me as much as Eric, it seemed. It wasn't fair for me to go about with the class of boy who could never marry me. Social distinctions might be unfair, but they existed and had to be accepted. She wanted me to promise that I would not see Eric any more.

"But, Mrs. Prentice—" I began, when Eric burst, wild-eyed, into the room.

"What are you saying to Dody?" he shouted at his mother.

"We're just getting acquainted," she said—the liar.

"I like Dody better than any girl I've ever known!" cried Eric. "I don't care if her father is a fireman! I wouldn't care if her mother was a washerwoman! And I'm going to see her just as often as I like! So there!"

My eyes were just dancing. I mean, honestly, who would have thought he had it in him?

"Dody and I understand one another, Eric. There is no need of your—"

"I know you!" said her son. "You've probably been putting her on her honor or something! I'm not your baby boy any more, mother! I can pick my own friends."

Mrs. Mortimer Prentice blinked. And then the library door opened, and in came Tiny and Polly—and Ted and Ann March.

"Why, Ann!" said Mrs. Prentice, honey in her voice. "You dear child, what are you doing here?"

"I'm visiting the Farnsworths, in Charity Cove," said Ann, and I'm a faded flower if she didn't kiss Mrs. Prentice's cheeks.

"How is your dear mother?" purred Mrs. Prentice. "Fine," said Ann. "May I present Ted Farnsworth, Mrs. Prentice? And you know Polly and Tiny Grant."

A far-away look came into Mrs. Prentice's eyes. "Not Andrew Farnsworth's son?" She looked at me. "What was your name, my dear?"

"Farnsworth," I admitted faintly.

"My little sister," said Ted.

SHE looked at me, and then if she didn't waggle a fat finger, like a playful cow. "So you were masquerading, you naughty girl!" she said in the sappiest voice. "Why, your mother and Ann's mother and I all went to Miss Winkler's, years ago. Dear me!"

"For cryin' out loud!" said Eric faintly.

Tiny eased up behind me. "Let's scram," he whispered.

"Darling, I think the Rover Boy rates one whole dance as a reward for valor," I murmured. "He defended me with his last breath. D'you mind?"

Tiny is a lamb. "Oke," he said. "But go easy on the reward, baby, or papa'll spank!"

I turned to Eric, who was still in a daze. "Come on, Sir Lancelot," I said. Out on the floor, his arm tightened about me. "You were superb, Eric," I told him.

"I'm nuts," he said. "I still don't know what it's all about."

"There was a surprise package in the pie for me, too," I admitted. We were near the door, and suddenly Eric swooped us out to the terrace. "Uh-uh!" I said warningly. "I've been deceiving you a little, Eric."

"A little!" he echoed. "Whaddye mean?"

"I mean I'm already spoken for, in a manner," I confessed honorably. "Didn't you ever notice Tiny Grant's brand on my forehead?"

Still, it isn't as if we were like Ann and Ted and really old enough to get married. I mean even Tiny has two more years of college, and I have to go to school for practically decades. I'm sure that I'll never care for any one the way I do for Tiny Grant, but the fact remains that I'm young yet. Complete fidelity is a virtue for the old.

"You really were swell," I murmured after he kissed me. "I appreciate it, Eric."

"Oh—Dody!" he mooned.

I disengaged his arm and moved briskly back into the ballroom. Tiny was standing by himself, looking thoughtful.

"Don't let a kiss upset you," I hummed as I joined him, my lips curved in my most tantalizing smile.

Tiny grabbed me. "Don't let your love g-ho wr-wro-o-ong!" he finished it, and suspicion lurked in his blue eyes.

A little jealousy is good for a man, I always say, especially when it has foundation.

"I'm taking you home, you know," he told me abruptly.

"You can always take me home, Tiny," I promised sweetly, and he stopped short in the middle of the floor and looked at me.

"Look me over, darling, but don't overlook me," I said.

"You're a brat!" said Tiny. "I don't know why I bother with you at all!"

"Don't you?" I asked, so softly.

"Yes!" said Tiny, and he resumed dancing.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is known as a capitation tax?

2—Why do people wear white or light-colored clothing in the summer?

3—Where do cloves come from?

4—When was the first observance of Labor Day?

5—What is isinglass?

6—Is measles a contagious or an infectious disease?

7—What is an Æolian harp?

8—What is coir?

9—Where is the San Francisco River?

10—Who, when dying, said, "So much to do, so little done"?

11—Where was Jesse James killed, and who killed him?

12—What is the most expensive material used in the building of an automobile?

13—What was the trade at which John Bunyan, author of Pilgrim's Progress, originally worked?

14—What is gerrymandering?

15—What is an amanuensis?

16—What other country is also known by the initials U. S. A.?

17—What is inscribed on the book held in the left hand of the Statue of Liberty?

18—How many counties are there in the United States?

19—What describes something as never having possessed life in any form whatever?

20—Where was the State of Franklin?

(Answers will be found on page 31)

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Hell Hounds

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

A BATTLE for life in the desert, with Barrington, McCann, the dancing girl Zita, and the four picked Arabs of her escort pitted against scores of pursuers, was one thrill in last week's installment of Hell Hounds at Bay Again. It came about after the two Legionnaires had fallen afoul, in Raisale's stronghold, of the sinister Turan Shah, who had denounced them as spies of the French. Raisale had locked them up, with frightful torture in prospect, but Zita had arranged their escape.

The battle could have but one outcome. After three of the Arabs were killed and Zita wounded, McCann got her away while the others stood off a final rush. The fourth Arab stopped a bullet. Barrington, shot through the forearm, became helpless, and it was only his good luck in being covered by the body of a native comrade that saved him from discovery and mutilation.

The next day he was able to make his way on foot to Aulef. There he again ran into and was denounced by Turan Shah, who said McCann and Zita were now carrion. The local khan spared his life on condition of his repairing the town's machine guns; a raid by French troops was expected. He made himself machine-gun instructor, and presently found himself face to face with—McCann! That worthy had escorted Zita safely to Fez, reported to Major Beauregarde, and set out in Arab costume, ostensibly to spy on Abd-el-Krim but really to look for Barrington.

They planned to make a get-away at

the first opportunity. Meanwhile they must serve at the guns. Turan Shah, it appeared, had his eye on them both.

PART THREE—AN ARABIAN DESDEMONA

I SHOULD not be surprised to learn that there is no record of a small detachment of the Legion making an attack upon the town of Aulef. There never is a record of anything the Legion does or fails to do.

I have taken part in a few desperate charges by such



Turan Shah began to talk to his barb. In a moment the black beauty was straining at the reins in our hands in a crazy attempt to break away.

at Bay Again

detachments. Yet this one at Aulef, the first I ever witnessed, was a topsy-turvy experience in that I was against the French instead of with them. It was three square miles of as deadly an affair as one could hope to witness. Legionnaires are the finest fighters in the world. In this case, as usual, they fought until they dropped. It seemed incredible that any sane commander would have sent a detachment

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of 250 men against 5,000 rebels behind solid walls. My first intimation of trouble was the sound of shots at dawn. I was hurried to the town wall and thrown into action with the gun crews. I had hardly time to notice the extent of the attacking force hammering at the gates before I was squatting at a jammed gun under the nose of a nasty-looking pistol. Thereafter a shattering rat-tat-tat-tat from all sides and the fun was on. The town itself was in an uproar. Sweating men crawled about the walls and poured a hail of lead into the little band out there in the dust.

A belt was inserted and I found myself squinting along the sights and taking aim at a Legionnaire!

Compulsion makes cowards of us all. If I did not get them the Riffs would. They would also get me. And that could add nothing to the comity of nations. Anyway, I had company. The voice of McCann reached me from behind another machine gun.

"Galloping ghosts! Can you beat it? They—"

He broke off with a yell. He had stopped one. He could not use his gun any more. He signaled as much to the captain and then took himself off to get the wound dressed.

When I saw him again it was all over. Guards were placed and the rest of us went off to the bazaar for a carousal.

I did not, however, reach the bazaar that night. I found myself under the wall of a garden in the residential quarter of the town, staring at the black veil of a woman, or rather a girl. I saw at once that she was not in a hurry to pass on, and I had the feeling that behind that veil she was smiling. If she were a woman in purdah, thought I, the pair of us were taking a grave risk. But what is life without its risks? In my by no means perfect Arabic I gave her a greeting.

She chuckled all over. "*Roumi!*" she whispered. "Are you French?"

"I am an Englishman. I owe no allegiance to the French—any more than you do."

Thereafter an astonishingly interesting conversation went on in French. She told me about herself. She had a husband who was fat and short and waddled like a duck, and who never went to the wars.

We passed a delicious hour together. She was not only educated but cultured. Her chief ambition was to visit Paris.

I allowed myself to be led into the garden. Unlike most Eastern girls with whom I have rubbed shoulders, this one indulged in no perfume. She was, however, sweet enough without. She was hardly five feet high, but was enough to send the daft words to a man's tongue and the blood racing to his head.

I walked back to my sleeping quarters like a man drunk from too much *ksara*, through streets filled with white-robed figures who were also drunk—with victory. It began to dawn upon me what a crazy thing I had been doing. If that kid were ever found out it would be the end for her, and an ugly end at that. I resolved that the first man I met who was short and fat and waddled I'd stick in the back!

REACHING my sleeping quarters I found McCann there. He had made his peace with Turan Shah. That gentleman appeared no longer to doubt us. Had he not seen us handling the guns in the face of the French infidels?

"How's the arm?" I inquired.

"O. K. Just a dirty flesh wound."

"Well, where do we stand with regard to this get-away?"

"On a tough spot, I guess. I couldn't fly far with one wing tied up. Where you been?"

I told him.

"Yeah? You found a nice cup o' tea outside the bazaar?"

"She's no cup of tea!" I snapped, feeling sore enough. I gave him a few details, and also my fears.

"Gosh! And a cute number like that has a husband who's short and fat and waddles? Well, I guess we can fix him! What's biting you, you big sap? You'll feel O. K. about it in the morning."

But in the morning we were dragged off on some mysterious errand to the other end of the city. All we could get from the captain and his guard who led us thither was that a white man needed help, and quickly!

In a little Arab dwelling we were shown a man laid full length on a bed. There was a nasty gash in his temple and his left arm had been slashed off at the elbow. There seemed very little hope for him.

After a while he opened his eyes, stared hard at us.

"Where am I?"

"Never mind, son. Take it easy now."

"You're English?"

"American. My friend is English."

"I'm an American, too! I'm from New Jersey. My name's Sheldon—Ronald Sheldon. But say, what are you doing in that get-up?"

"*L'espionnage centrale.*"

"Christ! Shall I never get away from you fellows?"

"Listen, son. We don't want you—not that-a-way. Get me? We were dragged into *L'espionnage centrale*. We're on the Sultan's side now. So quit worrying."

"Gee! It's good to hear that!"

We tried to make him comfortable. He was a ghastly mess indeed. He was going home pretty swiftly and he knew all about it. From what he had said, he had evidently been chased by members of the French secret service.

THE details came at last in a regular flood. Sheldon had escaped from the Legion some five months before, had managed to make his way over to Abd-el-Krim's headquarters, and had offered his services. We guessed he had made himself pretty useful, for he had been sent to train Krim's forces. It was a revelation to us. We had had no idea of their extent; Sheldon knew there were at least 150,000 men well trained and well armed. We were astonished to learn, too, that scores of renegade Legionnaires were working for Krim, and that the leader's wealth had attracted expert engineers, motor mechanics, transport organizers, and all manner of war specialists. Sheldon had been sent off in charge of a small bunch of men to pick up some mounts at a village. *L'espionnage centrale* had got wind of their mission.

"They came out into the desert to meet us—with a squadron of the Spahis Moroccan—and sailed into us. I was the fellow they wanted. They knew I could tell a mouthful about Abd-el-Krim—if I had to. Well, they got me, and as soon as I was in their hands they let the rest of the mob run for it—"

He had been subjected to a few of the famous methods of "persuasion" and had refused to talk. At last they had tied him by his left arm to a horse's bridle and the rider had set off at a crazy speed across the plains, dragging and running, stumbling Sheldon with him—until the poor devil had suddenly slashed at the horse's flanks and brought him to his knees. Then the officer had swung his sword and cut off that arm. A swift duel between the two had followed. It had taken Sheldon a couple of minutes to settle his man. He had been able to kick the horse into some sort of action and had got clear away.

"After that—three days wandering in the desert, with my bleeding stump tied up. That's why I've died left side first! Paralysis, I guess."

"Gosh! You got sand, old son!" burst out McCann.

Sheldon grinned happily—and suddenly turned ashen. A few minutes later he was dead.

I never knew the name of the veiled girl of the garden. To me she was *mon trésor* [my treasure]. Had I behaved differently she might be alive today.

McCann's wound was so troublesome that any thought of making a get-away for the time being was out of the question. I fancy Turan Shah was aware of this, for he relaxed his watchful guard. Except for an appearance each morning for machine-gun practice with the native crews, we were left more or less to ourselves.

This was all very well until evening came. After *mon trésor*, the bazaar was distasteful to me. I was aware of the terrific risks—for her rather than for me, and especially after dusk. If a man associates with a woman after sunset he may be held innocent of consequences according to Koranic law, for a woman should then be within the

bosom of her family. Therefore it is she who errs. And it is she who is punished. These things I knew. But I began to play with the idea of strolling along by that garden, though only to look upon it from afar. In the end, one fateful evening, I went wandering about the darkened streets—and found myself within a stone's throw of that damnable garden wall. A tiny black shape rushed like the wind across the road and barred my progress.

"I have wondered and wondered," said the sweet voice. "Six days, and you have not come to me!"

"If your *sidi* should find out he will kill you."

She laughed softly and snuggled close.

"Come! Come with me!"

She led me by the hand into the garden, through the orange groves, and into the thick darkness of a sort of summerhouse. She closed the door, shutting out the world. It did not seem to matter what happened then. She was crazy. So was I. We talked in whispers. She told me that her husband was away.

At last we hurried breathlessly through the trees to the gate. It seemed that all the world was asleep.

I STARTED to walk down the road, shuffling softly in my sandals. I had gone perhaps a dozen yards when a piercing, terrifying scream rent the stillness. I pulled up with a jerk. I knew. It appeared to me that I had known all along. I stood still for long seconds, unable to move, to think, to decide—while the cold sweat poured from me.

And in those moments I wanted to die too. I rushed at that door. It was locked, of course. A crazy running leap landed me scrambling on the top of the wall. I could not see a thing. She was somewhere in that blackness with those who had caught her. I dropped softly into the garden and began to search. I must have wandered about for hours. No one disturbed me. I did not come upon a soul. I reached the shuttered dwelling. It was as silent as the grave.

What now? I tried every means of entrance. The place was locked against the world. That child had just dropped out of life. The law of the Prophet had been enforced.

Time was not, while I wandered about that dark garden. I came again upon the summerhouse just as the light was breaking. She was there, hanging from the door. I ran to her and clasped my arms about her. I cut her down. She was horribly cold. A dead little thing in her black shroud. I began to carry her through the garden, but had to put her down in order to release the weights that had been tied to her feet.

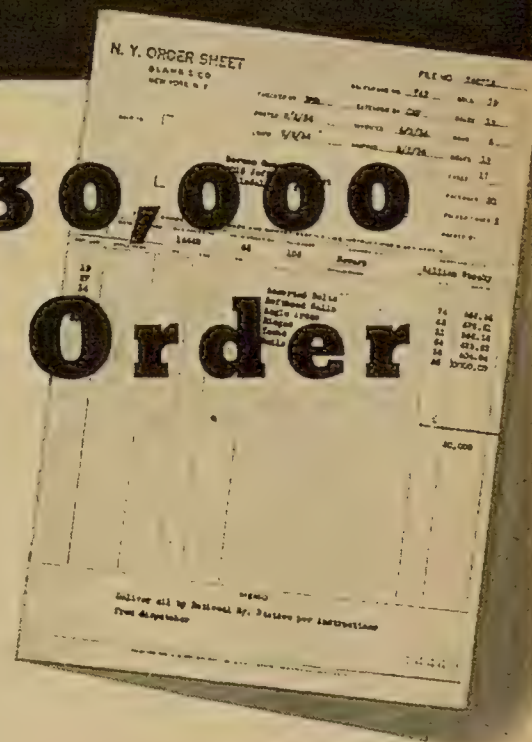
Cafard! I was mad, I suppose. Only a madman could have lifted her over that wall, for she did not leave my arms as I dropped into the roadway. What was I to do with her? The light was coming up swiftly now. There were sounds of the world stir-



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ring. But I met no one as I made my way toward the city wall. I laid her down while I dug into the sand. Then I covered her up, leaving a heap of stones over her body as a protection against the jackals.

Thereafter a long, long day of prowling about the streets, looking for a man who was short and fat and who waddled like a duck. McCann has told me of that ceaseless tramp up and down the alleys and byways of Aulef, of the natives who touched their heads significantly and passed on. What he has not told me is that he never left my side. But I know my McCann.

For days after I had recovered I still went about the streets. It did not occur to me that her description of her lord and master was all wrong, was prompted by her distaste for a man many years older than she was.

I watched that house for endless hours. McCann was there with me when fortune favored me and we saw the man of that house come forth, accompanied by a servant and riding a fine black barb. The man was not short nor fat, nor could he be said to waddle like a duck. True, he was very much older than *mon trésor*, for she was but a girl in her teens. He was a finely built fellow, handsome too, though his face had been somewhat scarred. He was, in fact, Turan Shah!

Seeing us gaping there, he raised his hand in salaam, palm to forehead. His lips smiled, but in his black eyes there was something like triumph. I suddenly received the impression that he knew who had spent an evening in the summerhouse with his third wife.

"And now what?" queried McCann.

"I'll get him sooner or later."

Events began to move with a certain swiftness.

That day Turan Shah took unto himself another wife.

The next day the native soldiery of Aulef was mobilized. The whole town was in an excited uproar at the news that its men were to go out to battle.

Riding at the head of an Arab machine-gun corps was an experience entirely new. So we were going to fight the French in behalf of Raisale, after all!

We were not without pride in our queer position. We held power—power to move our own section of this moving column, to place them in action. There were about a hundred and twenty of them, trained to change a belt under five seconds, trained to pour out shattering death. And they were itching to do it!

We soon realized that we were moving toward Raisale's stronghold.

"See the move, Barrington? As a result of my report to the Butcher, the French have shoved a force up against the mouth of that valley. They got 'em trapped. So the old Sultan sends word to the big boys of Aulef. And here we are. I guess we're meant to harass the flanks of the French. We must get our men spread up in the rocks there. They'll make lovely snipers, boy!"

Our men!

THERE was some sort of commotion at the head of the column and we rode up to find out what was happening. Turan Shah was there with other native officers. In their midst was a wretched-looking Arab, filthy, dust-grimed. Turan Shah turned at our approach and showed his flashing white teeth.

"This man is an Arab spy for the French," he said. "He will not talk. We shall make him. You shall see!"

"How do you know he is spying for the French?"

"Our own scouts caught him. Look at this!"

"This" was a card similar to those which McCann and I carried secreted about our persons. Here was a native member of *L'espionnage centrale*! "You shall see how we deal with those who spy for the infidels!" said Turan Shah significantly.

In the center of a large ring of squatting natives the spy was tied to a short stake by his ankles. He had been stripped of every stitch of clothing. His feet were secured so closely together that his greatest difficulty was to remain upright, which he must do at all costs, since each time he swayed and fell to the ground a bunch of glittering knives flew into his body. So he would swing to his feet again by some miracle of contortion and, his hands being free, proceed calmly to twitch the knives from his flesh.

From time to time questions were barked at him by Turan Shah or one or other of his emirs. But the spy uttered no word. His thick-lipped mouth was as tight as a clam. The only sign was the streaming sweat, which mingled with the streams of blood.

"He's got sand," McCann said.

"Yes. He's got more than we have!"

"Whaddya mean? I've said we'll quit. Would there be any sense in joining that guy?"

When the man could get up no more, he talked. After he had talked we moved swiftly on. There seemed to be a possibility that we should get within range of our objective by nightfall. That suited us. We were in charge of some thirty-five machine guns. We planned an inspection of them which would give us the opportunity for meddling with as many as possible.

AT dusk the 2,000 men of the column were quietly creeping forward. We halted. We conveyed our scheme for posting our men as snipers to Turan Shah. He decided to accompany us that he might see the men placed in position. But first our inspection of the guns. Then we took men and guns up the hillside that overlooked the right flank of the French force.

A lovely bit of strategy gone to waste! When the jackal signal was given in the hour before the dawn these one hundred and twenty men would be useless, unable to support their brethren spread beyond the foot of the hill and facing the left flank of the French encampment. Piled all round them among the boulders were the steel ammunition boxes. And not a round could be fired!

With Turan Shah our constant and delighted companion, we crept among the men and gave last-minute orders. Higher and higher up the hill we climbed. About us lay thirty-five gun crews. Beyond, on the great flat plain, was a silent watchful army, and far behind that were the big guns, ready to spout death. Away over on the left flank were the remainder of the men of Aulef.

The vast majority of them lay far away, and between them and us lay the French contingents. In short, we had got them just where we wanted them—and Turan Shah just where we wanted *him*!

Immediately behind us the hill rolled away to vast sanded plains. At the foot of it three animals waited—Turan Shah's fine black barb and our Arab stallions. We suggested a climb to the summit, where we should get a better view of the surrounding country. There Turan Shah was quite isolated from his compatriots.

McCann gave me that almost imperceptible lift of the eyebrow. The moment was completely ours. I pointed out to Turan Shah some movement among the French troops. He craned his head forward. McCann's gun butt smote swiftly. Turan Shah gave a choking grunt and slumped into the dirt. A moment later he was carried silently down behind the hill. It took us no time at all to strap him to his mount. Thereafter a cautious treading of animals and men until we were safely out on the plains. We mounted one on each side of the black barb and rode off at the gallop.

We had him. I had the murderer of *mon trésor*. Here he was, senseless, under our hands.

"Yeah?" said McCann. "And now what?"

Precisely! The obvious destination was Fez. As French agents we should deliver up our prisoner there. We soon realized, however, that the journey was not to be accomplished with ease. Turan Shah had come to. As soon as he was aware of what had happened to him he began to talk to his black barb. It seemed that the two understood each other perfectly. The animal started to respond by lashing out for all he was worth. In a moment the three mounts were kicking around in all directions while the black beauty was straining at the reins in our hands in a crazy attempt to break away.

"Hey, Barrington! I'll hold the cayuse while you gag him! That'll stop him giving orders. Lively now!"

But as soon as I drew up to the lashing, jostling black, my mount would rear. In the end McCann was holding all three horses while his arms were being wrenched from the sockets, and I had to use my fist on the prisoner before I could gag him.

The dawn came up. To be seen would be fatal. All

the cover we could find was a clump of olive trees. We rode into the shade, tethered the horses, and rested. We were dead-beat. But we dared not sleep.

"This won't do, Mac," I said. "I'm going to scout round for something more private. We might have somebody wandering into this oasis."

"O. K., boy. I'll watch this guy. Maybe you'll find something in those foothills over there."

The foothills were about a couple of miles away. As I approached them I suddenly came within sight of a tiny village nestling in a valley. But although the sun was well up by this time, nothing moved about those mud huts, not even a stray chicken. I crept nearer. Still no sign of life. Was the whole village lying low—waiting for me?

Fugitives in the enemy's country, the desert, with a formidable prisoner on their hands! Were ever two Hell Hounds in a madder situation? Its outcome, as will appear in next week's installment, was their stumbling upon an underground assemblage of Krim's followers and going boldly to his headquarters at Taza, where McCann—trust him!—got into a brawl over a "cup o' tea" that plunged them both into new and even deadlier perils!

ANSWERS TO 20 QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

- 1—A poll or head tax.
- 2—White and light-colored materials do not absorb the sun's rays as readily as darker colors and are consequently cooler.
- 3—From India, Ceylon, Zanzibar, Mauritius, and the West Indies.
- 4—In 1882, when the Knights of Labor held a parade in New York City. Colorado, in 1887, was the first state to pass a law making the day a legal holiday.
- 5—A whitish semitransparent substance consisting of nearly pure gelatin prepared from the internal organs of several kinds of fish.
- 6—Infectious—the germs being carried in water and the air.
- 7—A stringed instrument so constructed as to produce musical sounds when exposed to a current of air.
- 8—Coconut fiber used in the manufacture of rope.
- 9—In eastern Brazil.
- 10—Cecil Rhodes, quoting Tennyson's In Memoriam. These were Rhodes's last words.
- 11—At St. Joseph, Missouri, by Robert and Charles Ford.
- 12—Platinum.
- 13—He was a traveling tinker.
- 14—Altering the political map so that the voting districts are unfairly or abnormally arranged to advance the interests of a particular party or candidate.
- 15—One who writes what another dictates or copies what another has written.
- 16—The Union of South Africa.
- 17—"July 4, 1776," the date the statue commemorates.
- 18—There are 3,072.
- 19—Azoic.
- 20—What is now known as Tennessee was organized as the State of Franklin in 1784.

A cooler one, sailor?

How about it? Try the cigarette that does for smokes what iced tea does for drinks, and cool fresh linen for clothes . . . whose first puff is cool-as-April, and whose last leaves your mouth clean and daisy-fresh. Spud's a grand Summer smoking-mate!



What's the secret of Spud's coolness?

A tiny bit of menthol. But not in the *smoke*. The menthol does its work *in the cigarette* . . . by simply *cooling* the smoke. So what Spud gives you is just pure tobacco goodness . . . *with the heat taken out*.



CORK TIP or PLAIN

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MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

15¢ FOR 20
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Trouble Begins

IN the quaint days when Northern Abolitionists and Southern slave owners were doing their best to manufacture a civil war in the United States, it was considered highly patriotic to pretend that there was nothing wrong. A few bold men had the courage to speak of the "irrepressible conflict" between slave labor and free labor, and a Lincoln dared to point out that a house divided against itself could not stand. But he was beaten for the Senate because he said so, and the others were hush-hushed.

The result was that the conflict, not having been allowed to express itself in the open through normal democratic channels and not having been dealt with boldly by public opinion, had to take the form of a bloody civil war.

Today America faces another irrepressible conflict. It isn't polite to mention it. No politician worth his brass dares make an issue of it. Yet unless this conflict is analyzed, debated, and handled boldly, it threatens to dynamite our democratic institutions and to destroy our business system. For it is the conflict between young men and old men, and the stakes for which that conflict will be fought are jobs.

The facts are perfectly simple and unanswerable:

1. Every year nearly 2,500,000 young Americans reach eighteen, the age at which nature has arranged that they shall enter active economic life.

2. Every year nearly 1,500,000 Americans reach forty-five, the age at which nature, through competition, requires that men begin to abandon active economic life.

3. Allowing for deaths, this means that every year there are about 700,000 more young Americans available for jobs than jobs have been vacated. Even assuming that there has been no advance in technological unemployment—i. e., machines doing the work formerly done by men—which is not the case, each year new jobs must be found sufficient to enable these 700,000 youngsters to support themselves. This is putting it mildly.

4. This process has been going on since 1929, which means that 3,500,000 more young Americans are available for employment than there were before the crash, and so we are creating a special class of unemployed youngsters who have never had even a toe hold in the business system.

5. Most of the men who had jobs in 1929 and are still alive have been reemployed, but unemployment is humping up among the younger men and women. The Federal Emergency Relief Administration is now taking care of 3,500,000 people between sixteen and thirty-four.

6. This situation is loaded with dynamite and, unless handled wisely, thoroughly, and promptly, can produce a war or a revolution.

What do these facts mean?

Men and boys, of the age when they are strongest and most active, are being allowed to run to waste—of no use to themselves, to the society which produced them, or to the nation which we are trying to create.

Girls who want to marry and raise families are not allowed to do so during the very years when nature has best fitted them for childbearing. This is a profound insult to the deepest instinct of the human race which cannot be defied safely.

Men and women who are still employed—the wage earners, the farmers, the taxpayers—are staggering along under a dreadful burden of responsibility. Men of fifty, sixty, and even seventy are being required to

This Struggle for Jobs

Between Youth and Age—

What Shall We Do About It?

by JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

support men and women of twenty, thirty, and forty; they must dip into their meager pay envelopes to pay the taxes for relief of their able-bodied youngsters. This is such a terrific reversal of the whole structure of society that it threatens to shatter our entire morality.

Joe, on getting his engineering diploma, is lucky if he can get a job at a filling station; Louise, on

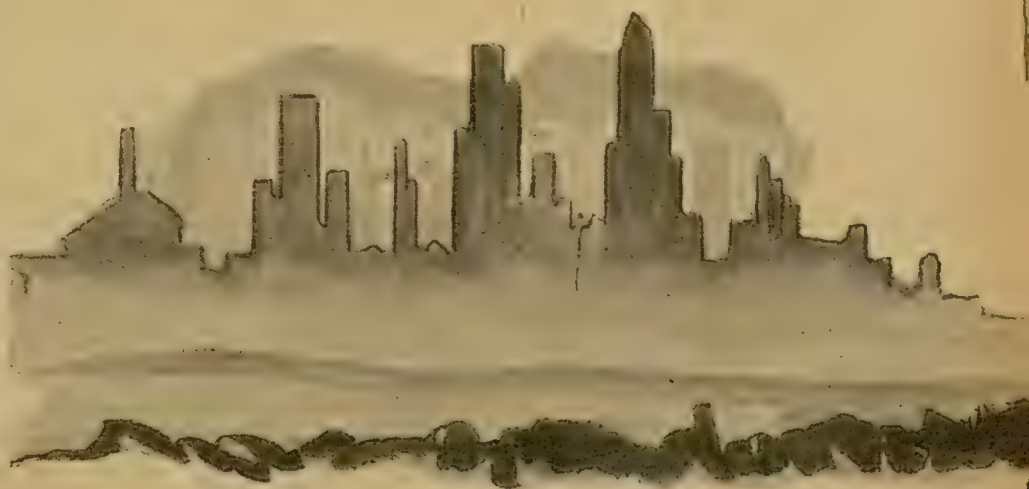
graduating from normal school, can take her choice between loafing at home and streetwalking; the trained, intelligent professional classes are being starved out of the old business system and have nothing to lose by a violent change.

And these figures mean race suicide. Statistics already reveal a catastrophic drop in the birth rate. With all the means for abundant production of *things* for people, we are halting the production of the *people*. This is the final vicious spiral of an economic calamity—and one which is due only to bad organization—which will produce an explosion. The human race does not like to let itself be killed by an idea—whether that idea be called feudalism or capitalism—and can be counted upon to resist violently. France today faces an international crisis because for three years during the World War fewer French babies than normal were born. What crisis will we face in 1950-55?

What does this humanly "irrepressible conflict" mean to us here and now? It means that we must find some way to use the energies and ambitions of our young men and women or they will destroy our system of living.

We are trying, through the New Deal, to reestablish the sort of system which we had up to 1929, a system in which the young man who came of working age found his job and then was able to hold it as long as he kept his skill and his strength, and in which the young woman who came of marriageable age found her man and was able to marry and raise a family in reasonable security. That system was smashed by the depression. It had worked more or less automatically for the last seventy years of our national life and, if we are lucky and clever enough, we may reestablish it on an automatic basis.

That is the idea back of the establishment of the Civilian Conservation Corps—to tide over the depression and fit for useful work 300,000 young American men by socially useful enterprises in the forests. That is the idea back of the elimination of child labor, the reduction of working hours and raising of wages through the NRA—to make more jobs available at a living wage for men and women of working age. That is the idea back of



at 40

agricultural adjustment and the subsistence homestead movement—to make it possible for people to live on the soil and to escape from the tyranny of the industrial pay roll by raising their own food.

But these measures, big though they are, have not yet proved sufficient to absorb the new recruits who come into the front-line trenches of our business system every year. These young men must be used, and if we can't find an automatic way of letting them make themselves useful, they will find other ways.

The alternatives are plain. If the process of recovery is interrupted or does not move fast enough, society must regiment the young or they will regiment society.

There are only two ways in which society can regiment the young: war and Communism.

When we had more young men and women than we knew what to do with, in the past, we "solved" the problem by taking them out of production and out of the marriage market by the draft act and killing them off in an international coöperative slaughterhouse known as the "front."

THE Communists in Soviet Russia tried a different system. They mobilized young men and women in labor battalions and in effect enslaved them as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the state. Compulsory military service or compulsory economic service—that is one way out. There is already a book receiving wide attention which, under the title of *Abolishing Poverty*, proposes that all young Americans between the ages of twenty and thirty years should be required to work to produce the necessities of life for the rest of the population.

Don't make any mistake. Such a program has a profound appeal. Men and women like to

A College Man's Reply to Jay Franklin

I AM a college man and frankly I am discouraged. I am not fodder for a revolution, however, nor will I be shanghaied or stampeded into a war. The best propaganda against war or revolution was the recent exposé of the international munitions ring. Any intelligent person realizes the basic cause of all wars. All college men do, I'm sure. Naturally we will oppose such things.

I think Mr. Jay Franklin exaggerates a trifle in his *Trouble Begins at 40*. There were literally millions of illiterates in the United States at the time of the Civil War. Nature, aided by higher education, has been constantly helping us since then. Fewer babies are being born during this generation—granted. Why? Because college graduates who cannot support a wife and family along the lines they think best will wait. As a result the pressure from below will soon ease off and the results will be noticeable in a succeeding generation of highly intelligent, physically fit people.

Silver Shirts, Black Shirts, Communism, and Fascism are bred in the less intelligent classes. In their unrest and dissension they will disband and die. Hard times breed brave men. And I think my generation surviving this will go down in history as the greatest of all. Unemployment now doesn't scare me. I know that very soon some of the senile gaffers holding jobs will become deficient. Then college men like myself will replace them. You can bet if I ever get into a position to do anything about it I will do my best to curb avarice in private as well as public business.

The New Deal comes closest to solving the problem. We younger men feel it is right because in our own localities only those who are chiselers or who are cramped in their cheating oppose it. I'll go along with F. D. R. for a while, I guess, instead of Jay Franklin.

—RAY POWERS

feel that they are being used and are useful. That is why war is so generally popular among boys and young men.

Then there is the other course—call it Fascism. This means that the young men get organized in a political movement, one of the principal objects of which is to take away by force the jobs from the old men and give them to the young. That is what happened in Italy and Germany.

This is the irrepressible conflict. We must, through the New Deal, quickly offer jobs to our young men and marriage to our young women on a democratic, orderly, automatic basis, or else America must go to war, turn Communist, or have a Fascist revolution.

Politicians don't like to consider this problem. Editors shy away from it. Business Tories don't like to have it mentioned. But the problem remains.

Which shall give our young men work and our young women marriage? Democracy under the New Deal? Communistic regimentation? Or Fascist revolution?

If this be treason, make the most of it!

THE END



Hunter's Moon

A Stirring Story of Nature's Laws and a Weakling's Moment of Might

by **PAUL ANNIXTER**

Illustrations by Frank E. Phares

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

TOWARD owl-light one late fall day Phidias, the venerable skunk of the Tantramar, emerged from his den under a larch log and climbed slowly up the hardwood hill that overlooked the lake. It was a bit early for mousing, but the hunter's moon was lifting like a smoky shield above the sharp pine spires, the moon that always seems bigger, brighter, and more witching than any other of the year, filling all the forest folk with a mad and migratory excitement. For many it was the mating moon; for many more it brought the silent call to flight or hibernation. Even to old Phidias, long married, sire of numerous generations and father of a new and wonderful baby asleep now beneath the larch log, it sounded an arousing tocsin. Tonight he was out early for the sole purpose of answering a giddy and reasonless urge to gaze at the moon from the top of the hill.

He moved with short, sedate steps and with an awful and profound slowness; his head well up, his black-and-white plume curved far forward, umbrella-like, over his white-striped back. More than that, he progressed boldly in the most open spaces, disdaining all cover as if he owned creation, for he was a personality in those parts, with a mind of his own and a presence—which presence was an aura and an odor, not exactly an odor of sanctity, but a smell to conjure with none the less. His family name was *Mustelidæ*, which is to say he possessed the power of emitting, entirely at will, the most stupendous stench in the world.

Old Phidias was a patriarch. He had a long mild face with a sly, wise, and philosophic expression and long elegant black whiskers. His whole mien bespoke an aplomb and an unconcern that few but the great achieve.

While Phidias, by reason of his well known and highly perfected gas attack, was master of the situation so far as all other clans of the forest were concerned, there was in his own tribe the living antidote to the worst he had to offer. It was Phidias's misfortune never to have learned the existence of this swashbuckling kinsman of his, but tonight was his night to be shown. The magic of the hunter's moon was likewise responsible for the presence of this obnoxious relative, which was none other than a giant wolverine—an oversized weasel really and related to mink, marten, fisher, and badger, and all the professional assassins of the wilderness world. His family name also was *Mustelidæ*, and he was the forefather and prototype of all the malodorous polecats that ever tainted pure air.

He had traveled down from his familiar haunts far up near the Barren Grounds. Ask not what evil motive drove him or prompted him to tarry in the Tantramar. The fact that there are very few left of his robber kind and that they always travel alone was the only good thing to be said of him. He possessed a strength and ferocity greater in proportion to his size than any other animal and a grim assurance to match. He was by all odds the most formidable infighter this continent has ever known and he was possibly the oldest form as well.

Seeing old Phidias advancing confidently into a clearing, the wolverine flattened himself in the shadows to wait, for he lacked the speed and agility to run down a quarry—and for good reason, for had nature granted

him that on top of his ferocity, his tribe might have overrun the earth. Phidias had meandered forward to within six feet before the watcher suddenly flung himself forward with a churring snarl. All the skunk did was to turn his back on the foe with a sudden stiffening tail, sign warning for all who had eyes to read. He had not been giving too much attention to the matter of ambush and doubtless took it for some blundering young bear unfamiliar with his particular weapon.

Just as the wolverine leaped the skunk delivered his ultimatum. It was only a few drops of the evil liquid he carried in two glands near his tail, shot three feet into the wolverine's face; and for any other beast it would have been more than sufficient. But to one who frequently fouled his own food before eating, that was merely a touch of high seasoning. Straight into the strangling reek lurched the wolverine without even a gasp; pinned old Phidias to the earth beneath a broad blunt paw like that of a young bear. This hulking footpad had murdered and devoured many and many a cousin of his before now, warred on his own family, in fact even attempting the murder of his wife and a son a month before; but the latter two had bested him after a pitched battle,





Fletcher dropped his weapon and leaped for a tree as the moose pounded up the hill.

coming as they did of his own tough-tenacious breed.

Phidias uttered a thin, high, catlike cry, one of the few times in his life he had ever given voice, as the paw of the killer flipped him over on his back and claws began to tear at his tender under parts.

The stillness of a prayer lived beneath the high conifers as the sun set that day. Down by the lake shore came the faintest elfin tinkle of shell ice beginning to form as the night chill sharpened. The call of a loon out on the darkening water struck a note as melancholy as the remote line

of pine spires against western sky. Down by the water a vast form took sudden shape. For a space it stood moveless. Gaunt and towering, uncouth as some creature from another world, Wapootin, the bull moose who for nearly a quarter of a century had included the lake woods of Tantramar as part of his domain, had emerged from the shadow of the pines, his great splay feet soundless on the sand. Ordinarily you could have told that Wapootin was coming hundreds of yards away by snappings in the brush, but when he chose he could drift through the

The wolverine pinned
Phidias to the earth
beneath a paw like
that of a young bear.



densest cover, antlers and all, with no more sound than a stalking cat. And then it was that he was really dangerous, for then he was uncertain, wily, suspicious.

Tonight he was stewing with rage. Sleepless days and nights of searching for a mate had whetted Wapootin's temper to a dangerous edge. His little eyes were reddened by enforced celibacy and he hated practically everything; the very forest seemed conspiring against him. Throughout the afternoon he had wandered many miles, sounded his call again and again; but though he had found numerous trails, no plaint of a single cow had he heard. The raucous call of the loon out on the water came to him as mockery. Then the silence was cut by that strange and elemental cry of old Phidias from the knoll just above.

Gulo, the wolverine, was in the act of sinking his jaws in the throat of his kinsman when he froze stark at a fearsome sound. The ground of the hillside trembled, a tremendous whooshing noise filled his ears, then a towering shape loomed almost above him. Even as he flung himself backward, the vast hoof of Wapootin descended, battering him to the earth. Two more slashing pile-driver blows, and Gulo was but an ensanguined heap of reddening fur in the thicket. Wapootin had plunged on and up the hill while Phidias, gibbering and unnerved, was slithering away, all thought of moon and mice banished from his head.

It is doubtful if Wapootin had seen him at all or knew or cared what manner of beast it was he had killed. He was only taking it out on the woods at large. Long after Phidias was back with his wife and the miraculous baby in the den beneath the larch log, Wapootin could be heard storming back and forth on the hillside, pounding and threshing the thickets to splinters with his wide palmated antlers.

Not long after this commotion had ceased, a birch canoe came gliding in to shore from the now silvering surface

of the lake. Two men stepped quietly to the strand, lifted the frail craft and bore it soundlessly into the shadow of the trees. One of them touched the arm of his companion and pointed, with a whisper, to the deep fresh tracks Wapootin had made in his charge uphill:

"She same bull we follow, *m'sieu*. No other make track like that. She may be pretty close still. No wind; good night for call her again. We find good place and wait."

The other man, Fretcher, a wealthy sportsman from Montreal, looked to the working of his magazine rifle and whispered back: "You've got three days to make good on that offer, Johnny. Deliver tonight and I'll give you an extra hundred."

A week before Fretcher had made an offer of five hundred dollars to Johnny Bodine, the trapper, to get him a fair shot at the great bull moose that was known to frequent the lake-dotted wilderness of the Tantramar, the most magnificent specimen left in all that part of New Brunswick. For four days now Fretcher had been staying in Bodine's cabin while the Frenchman brought to bear all his woods knowledge to reap that unprecedented harvest and bring Wapootin to his end. So crafty and thorough had been his work, Wapootin had been fooled and bedeviled on three different occasions, pursuing a phantom cow moose who called but seemed to leave no scent nor track, whose only existence was in the clever birch-bark horn from which Johnny Bodine conjured all the artful plaints of an amorous and timorous young cow.

"What do you suppose he's been tearing up the brush here for?" whispered Fretcher, peering about him. "Phew, smell that skunk!"

"She mighty mad bull by now, bein' fooled so many time," the guide returned. "But that maybe all the better. Mos' like she came chargin' anything now."

Presently the two men were crouching in the dense blackness of a young spruce thicket close to a dead log

overlooking the shore—Fletcher a bit forward, his rifle in readiness. Johnny Bodine raised to his lips his calling horn, a cone of birch bark like a crude curved megaphone; and over the lake went the mournful, long-drawn, elemental cry of a cow moose seeking a mate: "Who-aah! Who-aah!" For a space there was no response. The tranced silence of the immutable firs retained its spell. Yet the men were certain that the bull could not possibly have gotten out of earshot so soon.

After five minutes the guide repeated the call. This time an answer came promptly, and so near at hand and threatening it was that it sent an odd prickling sensation racing over Fletcher's scalp and set him trembling a bit. It was a hoarse, deep-toned bawl, and it was followed by a plainly audible crackling of the underbrush some five hundred yards downshore.

"By Gar! She comin'!" whispered Bodine. Silently he slipped downhill to another patch of shadow, where after another four or five minutes he raised the horn to his lips again and sent through it another soft, enticing, half-reproachful note. His white teeth flashed momentarily, for he seemed to feel the promised reward already in his Mackinaw pocket.

Again came a rattle in the brush, less than a hundred yards upshore. Fletcher slid back his safety catch, and his eyes almost ached with the intensity with which he probed the shadows, for he knew how like a phantom a moose can sometimes appear; knew, too, the very real danger of such a moment should the hunter fail to see him first or miss his shot. This bull was extraordinarily wary, else he would never have reached his heroic size and years, for ordinary moose do not live long nowadays, even in northern New Brunswick.

NEARLY ten more minutes passed; then Fletcher's gaze focalized upon the outline of a clump of brush close to the shore and he made out the gaunt head and fore quarters of Wapootin, motionless and half masked in the foliage. Slowly Fletcher's rifle lifted. The sulphur-tipped forward sight covered the silhouette and came to rest, feeling for the vital spot just back of the bull's shoulder.

In spite of the fact that death in an unknown form, poison-breathed and fiery-eyed, had actually slashed his hide, old Phidias was not long in regaining his customary complacency. Fear and panic were wholly foreign to him, and back in the snug warmth of his den he actually took a cat nap, or rather a polecat nap, directly after doctoring his wound.

The fact that the bawling of a moose cow somewhere close by had broken in on his rest meant nothing to him. Moose had little meaning to him, in spite of the fact that one of the blundering monsters had almost trampled him into the earth a while before. He knew like the rest of the forest that this was the mating month

of the antlered tribe and that they would be crashing and stamping about like that until the first snows cooled their foolish furor. Such it had been every fall since he had taken possession of this hillside and the lake and the view, many years back.

When he woke and stretched, the whole matter of moose and his clash with Cousin Gulo had taken on the dim unreality of a dream. What did recur to his single-track mind was not the horror of his recent experience but some idea he had had which had not been carried out. It returned to him now as he glimpsed the light filtering in at the hole mouth—a stroll on the moonlit hilltop. His mate was

gone, probably up there now among the mouse runways. With deliberation he emerged once more into the open, with his habitual air of one who holds power, great power, in the hollow of his paw.

He paused momentarily on the threshold; for some creature, it appeared, was squatting no more than eight feet away and for a moment he had a recurrent shock of terror, but his nose picked up no warning of wolverine, and outside of that he recognized no enemy. He advanced then, in his slow, tail-over-back, head-in-the-air, flat-footed manner, even stumbling clumsily over a bit of a dead branch.



THUMBS DOWN

on her!

"NO, Jim, I'll take your Great Aunt Susie to the party, but I won't take that girl!"

Nothing prejudices people against a girl more than the offensive odor of underarm perspiration on her person.

Why risk it? A quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm, and you have nothing to worry about for *that* day!

You can use Mum any time—before dressing or afterwards. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum does not prevent perspiration itself—just destroys its ugly odor. Use Mum regularly and be safe. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N. Y.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



LET MUM DO THIS FOR YOU, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and be sure of freedom from all trace of unpleasantness in this way.



The sound, slight as it was, was climacteric in the lap of that listening silence. Fretcher, with nerves taut as wires, turned with a start; the head of Wapootin swung pole-true toward the sound, spoiling the chance of a broadside shot; and old Phidias, suddenly feeling the tension in the air as Fretcher rose to his knee, once more turned his back on the foe ere he strolled back into the earth. He was a little above himself, as it were, and rather excited by reason of this second surprise, and instead of a few drops he delivered a full broadside of his scent bag in the general direction of the man. In that moment Johnny Bodine screamed at Fretcher to fire. The great bull was already charging as Fretcher, gasping and half strangled in the oily nauseating reek, raised his gun for a snap shot from the hip. Futile, he knew, even as he pulled the trigger; knew that though a ball went through Wapootin's heart, the great strength and fury of the bull would carry him inexorably on and up the slope. As it was, the bullet merely grazed the high hump between the animal's shoulders.

No time for second aim. Fretcher dropped his weapon and leaped for a tree as the moose, with a wrathful bellow, pounded up the hill as on the wings of a high wind. The sportsman swung himself into the branches with not an instant to spare, and Wapootin, sweeping beneath him, veered suddenly aside at sight of the guide, who had fled in another direction. Bodine, knowing exactly what to expect, had chosen his tree well, a low-branched spruce, and likewise clambered to a safe perch.

For the next few minutes old Wapootin put on a pantomime of mayhem and murder that made the two men quake from the sheer reflex of his rage. The lower branches of the trees in which they had taken refuge were splintered, the thickets trampled down, and their canoe, which had been thrust deep into the brush, was discovered and slashed to strips and splinters by the pounding hoofs.

How long the men might have been held prisoners there is no saying, had there not come echoing over the water another plaint of a cow moose, this time genuine, from the dark forest four miles across the lake. Wapootin's rage fell away on the moment and he strode to the shore with an answering call impetuous as a trumpet note. And when a second and more insistent summons came in answer, he swam out across the lake.



PAUL ANNIXTER whose first accepted story was one about animals, has gathered his materials at first hand. He homesteaded in Manitoba and then spent eighteen months on a timber claim in northern Minnesota. He makes his home in Los Angeles, and is married to the daughter of the novelist, Will Levington Comfort.

Cursing and gagging in the unholy stench that encompassed him, Fretcher climbed stiffly down from his perch and pawed for his rifle, which miraculously had not been trampled. He strode fiercely to the shore and was raising the gun for a long shot at the black silhouette of Wapootin's head and shoulders out on the water, when Johnny Bodine spoke behind him:

"No good, *m'sieu*. She would only sink if you got heem. And who knows, sometime we may get another chance at her? . . . Ah, name of a saint, what a stink!"

WHAT Fretcher had to say for the next five minutes was as malodorous as the penetrating reek which oppressed the night air, and he stopped only long enough to take off his outer clothing and fling it wrathfully into the lake.

But as Bodine, at least, was not to blame, he presently caught a clubroom slant on the episode as he would assuredly retail it in weeks to come, and standing there shivering in only his shirt and corduroys, he suddenly yelled with laughter.

"Come, we start back," said Johnny sadly and disgustedly. "Money gone, moose gone, canoe gone. Twenty miles to hike. And clothes, she gone, too," he added, moving

adroitly to windward of Fretcher as the two started up the shore. "Moon, she be gone too pretty quick. Pretty bad night all over, by Gar!"

"We've got our skins yet anyway," said Fretcher. "But for a minute there I wouldn't have staked a dollar on either of us. And you've got a hundred dollars coming tomorrow, Johnny, to buy yourself another canoe.

The night's been worth it."

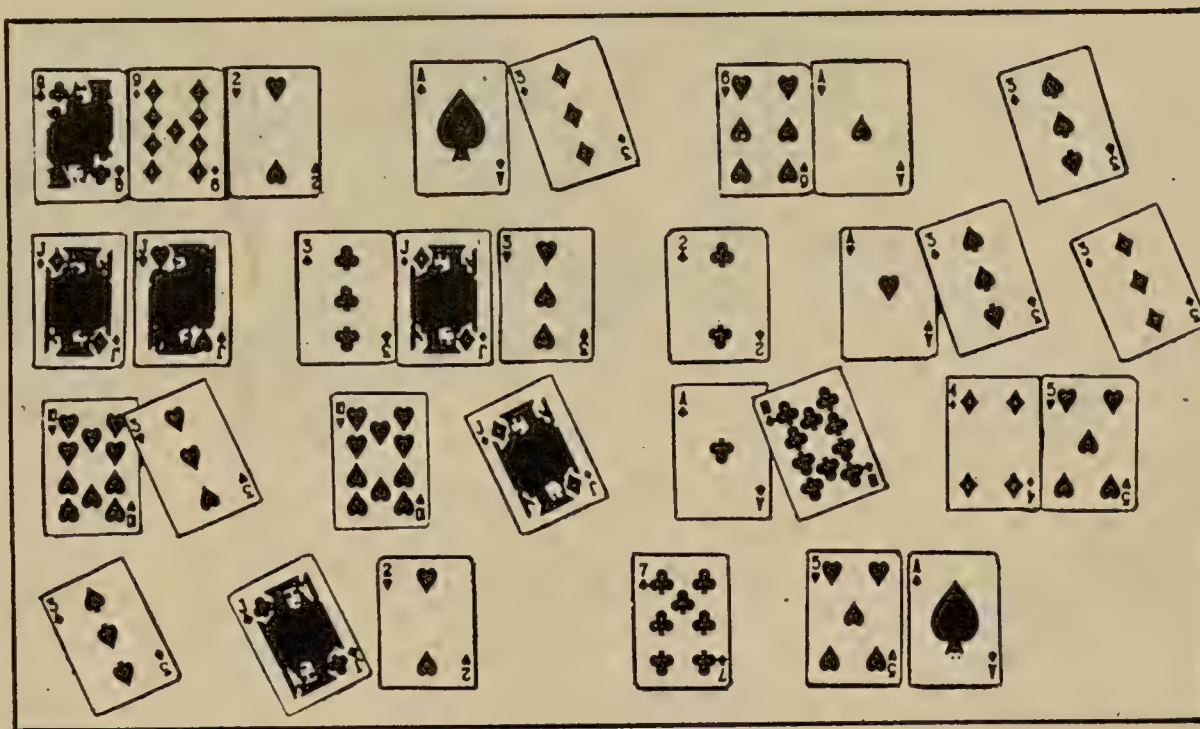
Old Phidias heard them go, but it was some time before he emerged again, to carry out his twice-defeated purpose of strolling alone on the moonlit hill-top.

Nature's laws, though harsh and cruel at times, are infinitely just and far-reaching in the balancing of scores. Phidias did not know it, and being one and part of nature he did not need to, but he and old Wapootin had played important rôles that night in nature's inscrutable balancing of forest affairs.

Perhaps that was why he seemed so satisfied with himself as he ambled up the hill, slow and benign of aspect, calm with the immutable calm of the great.

WITWORK by JEROME S. MEYER

Card Code



These cards were found in the exact order shown above on a table in Jo Vera's gambling den. They form a message in code not intended for the police (who were on the track of the gamblers). See if you can read this message, knowing that each card represents a combined consonant and vowel (the consonant being first and the vowel last). The suit value of each card represents a vowel—spades, the letter a; hearts, the letter e; diamonds, the letter i; clubs, the letter o. The face value of each card represents that numbered consonant as it appears in the alphabet, the letter u being included. Inasmuch as there are thirteen cards and twenty-two letters, cards from the ace to the nine represent two consonants each, the first set running from the letter b to l, and the second set from the letter r to z.

The cards which are tipped are combined in reverse order—the vowel is first and the consonant last.

FAMILY REUNION

In a party of eight there were two grandmothers, one grandfather, three mothers, two fathers, three daughters, two sons, two sisters, one brother, one son-in-law, one daughter-in-law, and three grandchildren.

How is this possible?

THE ANSWERS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 60

THE END

A Champ Who FIGHTS

He's Risking Two Crowns and He's Out for More—

A Close-up of Barney Ross

by **DICK WILLIAMS**

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THREE months ago, when David Barnet Rosofsky of Chicago—Barney Ross—won the welter-weight championship of the world from Jimmy McLarnin, a low moan escaped the avaricious promoters. "He'll play the game safe," they groaned, "from here on out!"

The game Barney has elected to play is about as safe as blindman's buff in a sawmill. For, less than a hundred days after winning that title from McLarnin, he is defending it against McLarnin's challenge. And within sixty days after this fight, scheduled for September 6 in New York, he will defend his lightweight championship against Tony Canzoneri for the second time!

Consider that McLarnin has always come back to beat soundly every man who has beaten him. Consider, too, that he will come in against Ross at 147 pounds, his natural weight, instead of the 142 at which he lost his title. And then consider that half the experts voted for Canzoneri against Ross in their two previous meetings!

What is it that prompts Barney to such daring? Can it be the fact that when he went into the ring against McLarnin on May 29, prayers were offered for his success in most synagogues in this country and many in Europe? Can there be something in this faith of a whole people that makes him feel he can't lose?

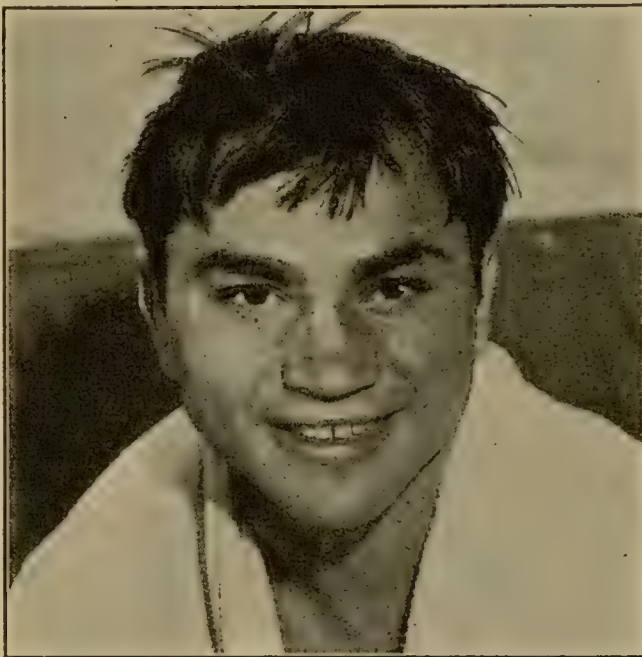
The boxing world first heard of Barney between four and five years ago. He climbed, a pinch-faced amateur, through the ropes in Madison Square Garden to beat a husky Italian boy for the Inter-City Golden Gloves championship. Three years later he was lightweight champion of the world; four and a half years later he was the first twin lightweight-welterweight champion in history. In fact, he was the first triple champion the game ever knew, since in winning the lightweight crown from Canzoneri he had also acquired the junior welterweight title.

In other words, from that amateur triumph in the Garden, Barney went on very fast. He built up his muscles, developed his lung capacity, gained hitting power. All this he accomplished himself. He adhered to the rules of diet and exercises laid down by the Bernarr Macfadden school, and he had the relentless taskmaster of ambition—above all else, a burning urge to lift the menace of poverty from his mother's house.

The elder Rosofskys fled Russia during the pogroms of thirty years ago. In Chicago, after a few years, Father Rosofsky opened his own delicatessen shop. Barney went to school, and after school he worked.

One night when he was thirteen he went to help his father close up the shop and found him dead, riddled with bullets. The elder Rosofsky had refused to pay racketeers for so-called protection.

Barney became a pretty tough little egg after that. He attempts no denial of it. Sensitive because of his poverty and his thin, slight body, he would fight at the least hint of scorn. He got joyously shellacked scores of times, but he never got whipped.



Barney Ross, triple champ. "Beside him, Bet-a-Million Gates was a conservative!"

In 1926 he won an amateur tournament and went into a city-wide meet. He didn't win there, but he kept trying, and in 1929 he won the Chicago Golden Gloves 126-pound championship and went on to the victory in New York. That year he also won the National A. A. U. featherweight title. Then he became a professional.

Eventually a neighborhood promoter fed him to Virgil Tobin, a tough club fighter. Two rounds, and Tobin was out for the evening. In 1930 Petey Mack was fired at the kid with instructions to "knock his brains out." With the second round half over a right cross put Mack to sleep. Carlos Garcia gave Barney his first beating as a professional. But 1931 saw Barney filling out and approaching the lightweight class.

In 1932, as a lightweight, he confronted Henry Perlick, who after three rounds slept soundly. He next met Ray Miller and, facing a destructive left hook for the first time, outboxed Miller to win in ten rounds. Next came Frankie Petrolle. In two brief and bloody rounds Frankie's nose was pressed into the resin. Bat Battalino, featherweight champion, came next and absorbed a terrific lacing in ten rounds. By 1933, all Chicago was cheering for David Barnet Rosofsky. And when he completely outboxed Billy Petrolle, the world knew that a new star had risen.

TALK of a Canzoneri fight grew insistent, with Chicagoans solidly behind Barney and New Yorkers backing Canzoneri. Finally the managers made a match. At the end of ten sizzling rounds Ross was declared the winner. The decision caused an uproar. "I'd like to fight him again," Canzoneri said, "and I'd like to bet fifteen hundred dollars on myself."

Ross took the bet. This time they fought in New York. No finer example of physical courage than Tony Canzoneri has graced American sports annals. But at the end of fifteen rounds Barney's right hand again was raised above Tony's battered head. Something like a mob scene ensued. New Yorkers withheld payment of their bets. Then Tony settled it all. "It's no use beefing," he said. "He beat me this time—I'm convinced now."

Promoters, looking around for some one to give Ross a fight, picked on Jimmy McLarnin. Here, indeed, was the man! But McLarnin, out of the ring a year, was slow before Ross's speed. His welterweight championship was lost to him in his first defense of it.

And now Barney is laying first one and then the other of his two important crowns on the line—and he says that these bouts are tune-up bouts, and that after them he's going after Vince Dundee and his middleweight title.

There is one ticket to write now on Barney Ross. If he gets past McLarnin, and Dundee is foolish enough to make a match with him, he'll be a four-in-one champion.

So he plays them safe, does he, this Ross? Why, beside him, Bet-a-Million Gates was a hidebound conservative!

THE END

From Hollywood . . .

by P R I N C E S S

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

Linguist, Traveler, Lecturer,

LUNCH at the Paramount studio with Marlene Dietrich. People who know her well call her *Mooty*. That's German for Mummy and the right spelling is *Mutti*, but you pronounce it Mooty.

Marlene isn't much of an eater-out. Prefers home. At a restaurant she takes the first things on the menu, then wishes she had ordered what you did. The day I lunched with her she ate shrimps, beans, and bananas. Crazy combination! Mine was cold turkey, a salad, tea and toast. All through the meal she eyed my plate with envy.

But what a dresser she is! (Now that she has quit wearing those mannish pants.) From one standpoint I consider her the best dressed woman in Hollywood. Her tailored suits are absolute perfection. All her suits are cut alike—elegantly plain—and the hats that go with them are shaped alike, too. In Europe this kind of costume is the classic for everyday wear. Marlene follows the European rule.

Working at the studio she looks as smart as paint in her tailored get-up, or you may see her wearing it at a fashionable night club—and she'll look just as classy. Her style, I admit, surprises quite a few honest citizens who expect all movie stars to be dressed up like a circus parade.

My (borrowed) chauffeur said, "Gosh, I'd never have guessed that was her. I thought that she was somebody's secretary."



MARLENE DIETRICH

THE newspaper gals of Hollywood get together every other Wednesday in a private room at the Brown Derby on Vine Street (not to be confused with the B. D. in Beverly Hills). The gals meet at noon. They have a special waiter named George. At one o'clock George goes out and shuts the door behind him. He shuts the door tight.

Comes the dirt! All the news that can't be printed, the stories that can't be written, the truth that can't be told. . . .

How the man at Washington took a big movie mogul to pieces in three minutes. . . . Why a famous blonde was warned to marry in haste or kiss her contract goodbye. . . . What the blackmail artists did to a certain producer. . . . When the next investigation is due. . . . Where one picture company's millions really went. . . .

Outspoken, witty, wise to the inside happenings of filmdom, the newspaper girls let each other in on all the secrets. Not a word of this is ever used professionally or repeated outside.

The confidences of their private gossip room have never been abused.

But I am sure that many an editor would give his eye teeth to be hiding under the table.

DO you know about lazy susans?

They are quaint old contrivances that rather suggest a parlor stove of the General Grant period. Hollywood thinks they're just dandy. You see them all around. Now a lazy susan—in case you don't know—is an impressive arrangement of covered dishes and gravy boats with a hot-water tank of oceanic proportion sitting underneath to keep everything warm. The whole business is made of Sheffield plate. Enormously glittering, it occupies the festive board. And *occupies* is the word. You help yourself from its various victuals. I was interested to find this long forgotten relic of Victorian days so popularly revived in Hollywood.

LIKE a butterfly on a pin, the cult of beauty practiced by the screen stars has impaled one woman I know in Hollywood—a woman whose life *should* be entirely normal, for she is not connected in any way with picture work or the stage. Yet the example set by the stars has trapped her and is spoiling the best years of her life.

She devotes all her days to her appearance: to massage, exercise, rest, diet, clothes. The ritual is broken only by her brief moments in public. Each time you see her she is more beautiful than the last, each time more closely molded to the pattern of a super-venus. She attracts notice. Everyone admires her—from afar.

I knew her before she came to Hollywood. She had made her mark as a business woman. She was alert, vigorous, amusing. People enjoyed her company. Now they merely gaze at her, as at a miracle. Beauty worship has locked her in a cell of flesh—her own loveliness. Nobody talks to her now. She hasn't a thing to say.

SOME quickies again:

Zasu Pitts, nervous girl, snaps her pocketbook open and shut while she talks to you. . . . Ruby Keeler feels miserable away from Al Jolson, her husband. . . . Short-sighted Fredric March can't recognize me unless I'm in evening dress because I was in it the first time we met. . . . Gladys Unger invariably wears a touch of green. . . . Screen-author Edgar Allen Woolf cooks superlative suppers on his gigantic kitchen range. . . . Friends of Harry Green laugh at him, "Ha ha, you can't fool us," when he invites them to his birthday parties—he was born April 1. . . .

SAID a banker's wife to Mrs. W. A. Charles, "I bet your husband brings you home the nicest samples! My husband never brings home anything but money. I

... to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

and Authority on Fashion

wish he were in your husband's business."

William Alexander Charles conducts a famous grocery store. His father ran it before him. Eighty years, man and boy, have New York gourmets called upon Charles & Co. for fancy eatables. Also drinkables. Hard by the Grand Central depot, Mr. Charles's place is really a museum of international titbits—of spices, cheeses, chutneys, of fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit from the ends of the earth—even rattlesnake meat which is purchased mostly by jokers. It is said to taste, in fact, like chicken.

Mr. Charles told me a funny one about canned game.

"We are not allowed to sell it," he said, "except in the legal hunting season. Most of it comes from England, but that doesn't make any difference. Our game laws protect the birds in tin as well as those in the woods."

A great change has come over the eating public since Mr. Charles was a lad. Says his father always sold butter in five-pound crocks, tea by the half chest. Customers of today buy a quarter of a pound. Apartment-house ways have cramped their cupboards. So much so that canned goods now come in smaller cans to fit kitchenettes.

Although he deals in foreign delicacies, Mr. Charles himself doesn't care for *pâté de foie gras* or exotic stuff like that. He wants American food. Sends a lot of it abroad to American embassies in Europe, China, Africa, and other outlandish regions. He encourages his clerks to know how everything tastes, even to understand cooking. But *he* can't cook worth a cent, he confessed.

A NEW type of companionate marriage has been invented by a smart young woman who married a confirmed bachelor. They tried it out for a year—and it worked.

Here's why they did it:

He was forty years old when they became engaged. She knew he loved her, but she soon discovered that he was contracting a bad case of cold feet. She told him so. They talked it out.

"I," he said frankly, "am scared. I'm afraid I have lived alone too long. My habits are fixed. Maybe I won't be able to live with any one else."

She had her answer ready. "Don't risk it," she said. "Why should we? You keep your apartment, and I'll take one large enough for you to come up and see me when you want to. We can sign a double lease."

He agreed, and they were married. That was last year. The scheme has succeeded—so well that they have no more need for it. They have just signed a *single* lease to



take effect in October, when their current ones expire.

ANCIENT as the sea is the romance of a floating bottle with a letter in it—a message from a long-lost sailor to the woman left waiting, hoping for his return. Fiction writers have used this idea so many times that now we scarcely can associate it with real life. Yet an instance of it occurred very recently. A message taken from a floating bottle brought news to a Milwaukee mother that her son, who disappeared seven years ago, is probably alive somewhere in the world.

I am always thrilled when these antique forms of romance crop up in our modern age.

Next to the sea-serpent story, this letter-in-a-bottle is my favorite.

FOR hankerers after bedtime novelty, the merchants have just brought out a brand-new line of sheets with sprigs of flowers printed all over them. Rosebud bouquets in pastel shades.

Or, if that is too coy for you, how about sheets featuring plaid designs? Say in china blue, with a border to match?

SCIENTISTS now advise right-handed people to sleep on their right side, left-handed people on their left side.

Something to do with the functions of the brain. Wrong-side sleeping is worse, they say, for left-handers.

IF China interests you, read *Twilight in the Forbidden City*, by Sir Reginald Johnston. (Published by Appleton-Century.)

SAILING from Spain is this *Barcelona Salad*—a crab-meat creation admirably suited to bridge parties or buffet suppers.

Prepare it as follows:

Have ready 3 cups cold cooked rice—each grain separate, please. Peel 3 tomatoes, drain them, pound them to a paste with 3 tablespoons French dressing, a dash of mustard, a few tarragon leaves or a little tarragon vinegar, and 1 tablespoon green pepper finely shredded. Add, if you have them, 2 artichoke bottoms cooked and diced. There's your dressing. Mix it with your rice and chill for 2 hours.

Then put in 2 cups crab flakes, garnish with parsley, serve with thinnest possible slices of buttered whole-wheat bread.

by

Bogart Rogers

and

Frank M. Dazey

**Clearing Skies and
Happy Landings!
Now the Climax Ar-
rives in the Thrill-
ing Love Story of
One Mad Flight**



Wild Wings

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

OUR Egbert—blessings on *that* little man!—shot from the hip with his left hand—suddenly, with unerring aim. The glittering threadlike stream from his despised squirt gun hit square in Palmer's nostrils, lingered an instant, lifted to his eyes. As Palmer's free hand rose, clawing, to his face, I dived headfirst—crashed into him. He fired wild twice. The bullets shattered a window. His wrist whacked a seat as he fell. The gun flew from his hand. The acrid odor of powder smoke filled the cabin.

I yelled: "Get that gun, somebody!"

Palmer was on the bottom. I was on top. We were wedged in the narrow aisle. I pommeeled, gouged, kneed him. I'm strong. Palmer was stronger. I had underestimated him. His fingers were like steel claws. We crashed back and forth between the seats, all entangled with the metal arms and legs of the chairs. Palmer was cursing horribly, and coughing and sputtering and—thank God!—nearly blind. Egbert's squirter, we learned afterward, was loaded with pyrene fluid.

Felice ebbled and flowed with the battle tide, trying vainly to reach down and retrieve the gun. Palmer went for the other gat in his pocket. I socked him. He socked back at me, blind—and connected like a kicking mule. Then Palmer kicked me loose, half rose to his feet—

reached for his coat pocket and the gun. Egbert's arm shot out. He literally shoved his trusty pistol up Palmer's nose—squirted! Palmer couldn't stand it. No human being could. He clawed, choking, gasping for breath.

I scrambled up, stepped in, measured him deliberately, waited till the clawing hands exposed his jaw, and swung!

A fiery stabbing pain shot up my arm to the shoulder. I could hear the bones snap like broken pencil sticks as my hand smashed against his chin. For a fractional second he stood inert—then dropped like a poled ox!

A brief terrific silence was broken by Felice's heavy breathing and Palmer's wheezings and gurglings.

I picked up the gun that had fallen under the seat, removed the other gun from Palmer's pocket. I was conscious of feeling terribly tired. I turned around. Felice was standing there—just coming out of it. She tried to speak—and couldn't.

I said, "This trip is more darn' fun," and put my arm around her. She was trembling and she let me draw her close to me—and I liked it. She pulled herself together quickly, said:

"Oh, your hand!"

I held it up, said, "It's a mess"—which it was.

She insisted we bandage it. I didn't want her to fool with it. It was plain murder when she touched it or I moved it. But I knew something had to be done. So she got the iodine out of the first-aid kit, and bandages, then said:

"I've got to straighten those fingers."



I measured him deliberately, waited, and swung! For a second he stood inert—then dropped like a poled ox

I took hold of a seat with my left hand, and she took hold of the fingers and pulled them into place. I sweat three quarts in three seconds, it hurt that bad.

While she was winding the gauze the boys and girls cautiously climbed back aboard—the Williamses first, then Stephani, then Baggerly. I didn't have to explain that Palmer was still cold as a strawberry parfait—they could see that for themselves—but I told them what had happened. Baggerly offered the practical suggestion:

"We'd b-b-better tie him up b-b-before he comes t-t-to." Whereupon they proceeded to do so.

FIRST they propped him in a seat which was tilted back to the reclining position. Baggerly removed Evans's handcuffs from his pocket, locked one around Palmer's wrist, the other to the arm of the seat. He couldn't escape that unless he took the seat with him, and the floor to which it was bolted. Just to make sure, they tore towels into strips, wet them, and trussed him up a bit more.

Felice finished the bandaging and sat back on the arm of the seat opposite and looked at me. I looked at her. Our eyes said a lot of things that wouldn't have been said otherwise—at least, not as far as I was concerned. I am not what you might call a very articulate onion when it comes to talking about love.

I think Felice understood what my eyes were telling her, because she smiled a little—and sighed. Then she turned serious.

"Now that about everything has happened that can happen, maybe we'd better start figuring how we are going to get help."

"Help? What for?"

"We can't just sit here."

"We aren't going to," I assured her. "We're going to fly out."

She shook her head positively. "You can't."

"Why not?"

"Not with that hand."

I said: "The left one's O. K. That's enough."

She shook her head. "I couldn't let you."

"You want to get to San Francisco, don't you?"

"My wanting to get to San Francisco has caused enough trouble. I won't let it cause any more."

I WAS on the verge of admitting she was right—but some curious instinct prevented. The same instinct told me a lot of things all at once. First, I had gone completely overboard, from the deep end, for Felice Rollins. It wasn't infatuation, which had always been my previous trouble. The law of averages had finally caught up with me and—dammit!—I was roped, thrown, and branded, no less. Second, if Felice failed to get to San Francisco in time to prevent her sister from running away with this guy, it would be a major tragedy—and girls who have just gone through major

tragedies are not susceptible to masculine goo-goo eyes.

On top of all that, I wanted to get there in time simply because that's what I'd started out to do and because, in my own mind at least, it was the only justification for everything we had been through. If I failed in that—well, the whole thing *was* a complete bust.

I looked at my watch. Seven o'clock to the dot. I did some rapid mental arithmetic. It would take two hours and a half to get to Oakland—maybe longer if we bumped into a stiff head wind. From Oakland it would take Felice another half hour to get to San Francisco and the dock from which her sister was supposed to sail. That would make it ten o'clock. The boat was scheduled to sail at eleven, which gave her an hour leeway. I said:

"As soon as we can find Anne and Freddie we're going to push off."

It was getting definitely light. Baggerly said: "I'll go search for them."

Williams said: "I will too."

Baggerly and Williams opened the door, started to climb out—

"Good God!" Baggerly exclaimed. He turned excitedly. "Here th-th-th-th-th-th— Here th-th-they are!"

I couldn't believe it. Neither could any one else. But we did when Anne helped Freddie aboard. He was a sight—wall-eyed, with heavy black crescents beneath, the hair on the left side of his head matted with blood. He slumped down in a seat.

I said: "Holy cow! Freddie! You're alive, then!"
Freddie said: "I'm afraid I am."

Everybody jabbered and asked questions at once. Anne explained it all in a very few words. She'd searched for him for an hour, with the flashlight, and finally found him. He acted dead. Palmer's bullet had creased his scalp from front to rear and given him a slight concussion, probably; and he was nearly frozen. She'd worked over him for a couple of hours, and brought him to. It was too dark for her to see the plane, so she waited till daylight to bring him in.



Felice sat back on the arm of the seat opposite. Our eyes said a lot of things.

I went forward and opened the trapdoor above the pilot's seat. Just as I'd suspected, the wings were covered with snow. I set Egbert, now my devoted slave, and Williams to brushing it off. Luckily no ice had formed. While they were busy at that I started the engines. It was a ticklish job, because they were frozen nearly solid, and it doesn't take a great deal to pull airplane batteries down.

If I'd used up the batteries without getting them started we'd have been in a pretty mess.

Quite naturally, a possible stop at Reno came to mind. It was closer than San Francisco, of course—an hour and a half closer. But I didn't want to stop there if it could be avoided. I was afraid they might hold us there for an hour or two, which would completely upset Felice's plans.

Evans was the key to the situation. I asked him if he thought he could stand the ride all the way in, and he said he thought he could.

Egbert and Williams finished their wing-sweeping act and came inside. Anne had settled down and was making hot coffee—which was all we had.

Just before we took off I asked Felice:

"Do you suppose we could have dinner tonight—even if I didn't get you through according to plan?"

"Well, I don't know. But how about that girl you were going to have dinner with last night?"

I said: "That was last night."

"I know; but—"

I CUT in with: "Now listen, Felice. That girl's just a—" I almost gave her a fairly accurate definition of Trixie, but caught the tongue. "She's just an old friend of my sister's—just an old friend—doesn't mean a thing in my life."

Felice gave me a look—no more, no less. "We'll see when we get there."

I decided to fly from the co-pilot's customary seat, on the right side. That put the throttles under my good left hand. I revved up the engines, and the blast from the propellers sent a miniature blizzard whirling away from our tail.

I turned around and taxied back to the upper end of the meadow—turned around again when I reached the clump of trees.

By that time I knew that flying an eighty-nine alone

with one hand was going to be no Tuesday-afternoon knitting bee.

I got off the ground in nice shape—with at least two inches clearance between my wheels and the trees at the lower end.

I set a compass course straight for Lake Tahoe. I soon found myself skirting the edge of yesterday's storm. Just as well I'd decided not to land at Reno, which was buried under ten thousand feet of thunder heads.

I kept to the south all the time—south of Carson Lake, Carson City—and hit the crest of the Sierras, south of Lake Tahoe, fourteen thousand feet up.

From Tahoe I altered the course for Sacramento. The mountains dropped sharply away toward the floor of the valley, and I tucked the nose down and started dropping away with them.

The air-speed indicator read 170—which is faster than our usual cruising speed. But I wasn't foolin'. I had to be on the ground at Oakland at ten o'clock or a few minutes thereafter.

My clock said it was eight forty-four. It was at least an hour and a quarter run into Oakland and a landing.

My hand was driving me crazy. The fingers stuck out like a bunch of spoiled red bananas and the rest of it looked like an indoor baseball.

I flashed the signal for Anne—a tiny red light which shines on a panel at the rear of the cabin. She appeared presently.

I asked her: "How are the animals, baby?"

She said: "They're all still alive."

I said: "No murders, stabbings, or suicides?"

She said: "No; it's really a very dull lot of people."

"Any signs of old Dr. Stork?"

She shook her head. "Not yet."

I said: "He'll have to do a hundred and seventy to catch up with us."

Anne said: "You'd be surprised how fast that old bird can travel."

I ASKED seriously about the passengers. Anne reported Evans resting easily, weak but in no apparent danger. Palmer had come to, looked at his manacles, tested them with a couple of wriggles, and lapsed into a sullen and ferocious silence.

Baggerly, Anne said, was writing furiously on his portable typewriter—his eyes burning with the fires of genius.

Freddie was feeling better but still had a terrible headache.

I said: "For God's sake, send him up here. This hand is driving me out of my mind!"

Freddie climbed into the cockpit finally. He looked hollow-eyed and wan. His head was swathed in a bandage. I said:

"How do you feel, kid?"

He said: "Like the wreck of the Hesperus."

"Think you can fly?"

He said, "Sure," and relieved me of the controls. I started to go back in the cabin, then decided I'd better not take a chance. Freddie seemed all right—but with those dizzy spells maybe he couldn't be depended on.

I said: "How's the head?"

"Feels like Babe Ruth had just knocked it into the center-field bleachers. How's the hand?"

I said: "It's all right."

Freddie said: "Sure—I know; like an ulcerated tooth."

We were down to eight thousand feet now. Placerville was off to the right, the state prison at Folsom faintly visible ahead. The weather was clearing and bright, with a few scattered clouds beneath.

Freddie piped up with: "There'll be hell to pay for this."

"Don't you worry, kid," I assured him. "We got this Palmer safely in the bag, which is more than most of the coppers in the country have been able to do, and the mail's safe, and I'll bet you we're the only plane that's been through in the past twenty-four hours—and you, with that bullet-creased noggin of yours, are going to be a hero and get your picture in the papers."

"I'll bet we've caused a lot of commotion."

PERHAPS I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN

Is she WRECKING her marriage ?

HAS she been unreasonable, after all? Has she tried "controlling" instead of "understanding"? Has she allowed fear and squeamishness to get the upper hand?

What a terrible thing it is, really, to be old-fashioned! What a tragedy it can be to watch happiness slip away because one's head is filled with out-of-date information! Yet many young wives find themselves in just this position when they face the problem of feminine hygiene.

Why go on behaving like your grandmother?

You don't need to use (and fear) poisonous antiseptics just because an older generation used them—and feared them. Forget all about the burning poisonous compounds associated with feminine hygiene in those days. That was before the discovery of Zonite.

Zonite is the Great War antiseptic and germicide, and your doctor will verify its claims to safety as well as strength. In measuring the strength of antiseptics it is customary to compare them with carbolic acid, a very powerful but poisonous germ-killing agent. Zonite is actually more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed to touch human tissues!

Zonite has been welcomed by women all over America.

One has told another until Zonite can now be bought even in tiny villages and country stores all over North America, as well as in foreign countries.

Zonite will not desensitize membranes or tissues. It cannot cause accidental poisoning. Zonite is safe. Depend upon that!

Tell your friends about Zonite—send for booklet

Besides the liquid Zonite (in bottles, 30¢, 60¢, \$1.00), you can buy Zonite Suppositories, at \$1.00 for a box of 12, each one sealed in glass vial. Also, you can get the real truth about feminine matters in booklet of unvarnished facts. Millions have read it. Have you? Send to Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Don't overlook this free book for women



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

LI-49

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Facts for Women ☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name..... (Please print name)

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City..... State.....

(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)



I was quite sure we had, too. I had a mental image of all the spare planes and pilots on the division out at dawn, with the boys cursing me for having gotten lost, but ready to fly night and day through all sorts of weather and all sorts of danger until they found me.

On top of that, the newspapers would go wild, what with Palmer, Egbert, and Felice aboard—all of whom were front-page news.

Just short of Sacramento another plane came toward us—an old single-motor mail job. I couldn't see who was flying it; but whoever he was, he circled around a couple of times, tried to keep up with us, then dropped in behind and followed. He had recognized that the runaway horse was on its way back to the barn.

Freddie said: "I think it's George Blaine. Anyway, you can bet he's reported us in by radio."

I was still worried about Felice—and the more I thought about her the more I worried. Getting her into San Francisco on time, as we were now sure to do, would help but it didn't conclusively settle her problem. Maybe she wouldn't be able to talk her little sister out of it; and if she couldn't, then hail and farewell to romance! I wouldn't have a chance.

I worried about that for twenty minutes. I knew I wouldn't be able to go to the boat with her. Then Mike Mulaski, of whom you will hear more presently, came to mind. I didn't worry so much after that.

Schedule time from Sacramento to Oakland is half an hour. Nose well down and throttles opened an extra notch, I covered it in twenty minutes even. We got an idea of what was to come when I circled the airport before landing—people and automobiles all milling around like a mess of excited ants.

This time we let the wheels down in advance. Freddie handled the throttles, I took care of the controls with my left hand, and we scared the gawkers half out of their wits with the bumpiest landing anybody ever made without breaking anything. I ducked the station—too many people around—and taxied on to the apron in front of the hangars where there was a bit more privacy.

I said to Freddie: "Cut 'em." He snapped the switches. Then I said: "You stay here for a minute while I get things organized."

I slipped back into the cabin—yelled to Anne to hold everything a minute before she opened the door. To Felice I said: "You stick with me—I'll take care of everything."

I went to the door, slipped the catch—half a dozen hands yanked it open from the outside. I stood there, trying to appear nonchalant.

"Just a minute, folks," I said. "One at a time."

A big guy with a concrete face barged forward. "Where's Dr. Evans?" he demanded.

He was one of Evans's palsies—well reënforced with other palsies and a few uniformed coppers, just in case. I told him to get Evans off first, and to a hospital—any old hospital—as fast as a little ambulance would carry him. Might as well take Mrs. Williams too. Then I presented him with Exhibit A—one Mr. Palmer, who refused to come out of his sullen trance and say "Hello, everybody." Then—

WELL, all the king's horses couldn't have stopped Mrs. Windt, who, in case you've forgotten the name, was Egbert's fond, fur-coated, expansive, aggressive, and demonstrative mama. She brushed bystanders aside like chaff, clambered aboard, screamed, "Egbert—my pet!" jerked him out of the cabin, clasped him to her ample bosom, and proceeded to try to drown the child with tears. Egbert, now feeling he was something of a hero in his own right, said: "Aw, cut it out, ma," and didn't go for it a bit.

Stephani eased himself out quietly—and stood by the side of the ship. That left Baggerly, Felice, and me. Freddie and Anne, of course. I remained in the cabin for a moment with Felice.

"I can't go over there with you right now, or I would," I told her. "I'll have to stay here for a while and straighten things out. But I'm going to send Mike Mulaski with you. He'll take care of it, if he has to break that guy in two."

"I'd rather go alone—" Felice started to protest. I said: "You aren't going alone! I won't let you."

Mike was a gargantuan Pole. I did a favor for him once and he's never forgotten. He works at the airport—slow on the pick-up but one of those onions who does exactly what you tell him to do, even if it involves homicide.

I didn't have to send for him—he was right there with the crowd.

We slipped out the door, shooed the mob away for a moment. I beckoned to Mike. He came over, face beaming. I said:

"This is Miss Rollins, Mike. You're to take her across the bay immediately—she'll tell you where. There's a guy on a boat—and a girl. Miss Rollins will tell you all about it. Now get this: I want the guy to sail on the boat and I want the girl to stay here. You got that—straight?"

MIKE nodded. "The guy is to sail—the girl is to stay here. I got it."

I said, "O. K." I turned to Felice, looked fondly into her eyes. She looked fondly, I wished to believe, into mine. I was just about to utter a few sweet and silly words when—

Something hit me; arms entwined my neck! A voice screamed in my ear:

"Jackie—Jackie darling!"

I should have known Trixie would do something like that.

I looked hopelessly, helplessly over Trixie's shoulder at Felice. She was staring at me—startled, shocked, a little bit hurt.

Photographers sprang up by magic. One of them yelled, "Hold it!" Trixie took my head in her hands, kissed me by main force. I'd regained consciousness by then, struggled loose and—

Felice was fifty yards down the field, headed for the Air Ferries plane.

The next ten minutes was bedlam. Nobody knew what had happened. Every one asked questions at once: Henry Marvin, the division superintendent, reporters, photographers, Mrs. Windt—God knows who else. I tried to answer them all. Finally the crowd thinned out. I looked around. Henry Marvin was still standing there—and with him was Joseph P. Bradford, president of the line.

I said: "Hello, Mr. Bradford—I didn't know you were here."

I stuck out my right hand—pulled it back hastily, extended my left hand, and awaited congratulations. Mr. Bradford didn't grasp it warmly and pump it up and down. He ignored it completely. All he did or said was:

"Come on inside. I want to talk to you."

What happened behind closed doors in Joseph P. Bradford's office is one of the most painful recollections of my career. Mr. Bradford started the conversation with an abrupt:

"Where'd you land?"

I told him—honestly.

"Why'd you land?"

Again an honest answer.

"What in hell were you doing down there?"

I explained I was trying to get through—of course.

He said: "Yeah—of course, but not on the course. You got orders to return to Salt Lake, didn't you?"

I said, "Yes."

"Why didn't you obey them?"

I said: "I was trying to get through, Mr. Bradford."

He said: "Well, you got through all right—through with this company for six months—without pay. If you want to come back at the end of that time we'll be glad to consider your application for reinstatement."

I said: "But, Mr. Bradford—"

He cut in with: "But my eye, Jack. If you were a kid flying his first schedule there might be some excuse for it. But you're not. You're chief pilot of this company—or were—and if I let you get away with a stunt like this one, what do you think the others'll do?"

I walked out into the hangar, trying to think of a good high place to jump off of. I wasn't mad at Mr.

Bradford. I'd have done the same thing in his place. I was just sore as hell at that big dumb ox Jack Voler. For the second time in his life he had mixed women and aviation, with the same results: he'd been fired. Would the stupid numskull never learn?

Pat Story, the maintenance chief, stopped me.

"Hey, Jack—you gotta come over and do something about that poet."

"What poet?"

"That writer."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He won't get out of the plane."

Baggerly he meant—and he was right. The ship had been wheeled into the hangar. I went aboard. Baggerly was still in his seat, hammering his typewriter madly. I said: "Hello, Mr. Baggerly."

He turned on me furiously.

"I sup-p-pose you're going to b-b-bother me—try to g-g-g-get me off. Well, you c-c-can't! I'm going to stay right here till I f-f-finish it—if it t-t-takes all night."

I asked: "You writing about what happened to us?"

He shook his head. "No—no. This is a story ab-b-bout a little orphan flower g-g-girl who meets a fellow who writes p-p-poems, and the g-g-girl's invalid mother—"

I fled. I ducked Trixie, went into the locker room to change my clothes. I looked at my watch. It was after twelve. The boat must have sailed by now. There should be a phone call from Mike, or Felice, or somebody. There was presently. I was in the shower. One of the boys brought a message. It was from Mike. He said everything was O. K. and I was to meet Miss Rollins at the Mark Hopkins at seven. I thanked Heaven for that. At least *some* good had come out of all this mess.

Which is about all—except that the

blow that really killed father came at exactly five minutes past seven o'clock.

I met Felice at the hotel. She looked swell, ravishing, beautiful and divine—a perfect dream. I opened with:

"Listen, Felice. That girl today—she's just a pal, a kid I've known for a long time. She doesn't mean a thing in my life—not a single solitary thing."

She put her hand on my arm and smiled up at me. "I'll believe it, Jack—because I'd rather believe it—if for no other reason."

I said: "Swell. Now, how'd everything come out? I haven't seen Mike."

She said: "Everything's all right—although I don't know what Stephani will say when he comes to."

"Comes to?"

She grinned. "Yes. Your friend Mr. Mulaski slugged him, put him in his cabin closet, and locked the door."

I said: "Mike is effective but a trifle crude in his methods. Where's the kid sister?"

Felice looked at me solemnly. "I sort of hate to tell you, Jack."

"Why not?"

Felice said: "You know, she was on that train out of Salt Lake yesterday—"

"Yeah."

"Well, sister and the train won't be here till tomorrow morning. They're stuck in a snowslide up at Soda Springs."

I said, "Oh!"—and sat down.

Felice looked down at me for a moment, then leaned over and kissed me on the forehead.

She said: "There's the cutest little bar right here in the hotel. If we strolled over there maybe the man would give you a drink."

So we strolled over there, and the man, God bless him, gave me a drink.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★★★★ THE AMERICANA ANNUAL edited by A. H. McDannald, B.L. Americana Corporation.

This annual issue, supplementary to the Encyclopedia Americana, is one of the best compilations of facts about current events available to the student.

★★★ SYNTHETIC GENTLEMAN by Channing Pollock. Farrar & Rinehart. For sheer entertainment here is a delightful story told by a dramatist who makes his novel as real as if one saw the characters on a lighted stage.

★★ DESERT WIFE by Hilda Faunce. Little, Brown & Company. Exiles from the desert go back to Arizona and love it in spite of itself. Some gorgeous material about the Navaho Indians.

★★ EUROPE BETWEEN WARS by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. The Macmillan Company.

There is a war already in progress—the war between contending social ideals. For serious students of European affairs this book is informative and concise.

★ THE DEAD MAN AT THE WINDOW by Jean Toussaint-Samat. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Fantastic mystery in a rambling manner. If you like mysticism and moon magic, without logic, you may enjoy this.



No more HIGH shoe bills with these soles

THE boy isn't born who is easy on shoes—but you can buy shoes that are easy on your purse.

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GOOD YEAR

Wingfoot Soles make shoes wear longer

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

ANSWER TO THAT SILLY QUESTION

TOPEKA, KAN.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in August 11 Liberty, Job Insurance Far Better Than Unemployment Insurance, is both timely and sane. Although I have been in the life-insurance business for ten years, I quite agree with him that the necessities of life can be guaranteed in a different and far better way than by unemployment insurance, i. e., by job insurance.

We should go even farther in the matter of public improvement in every community. A properly coordinated public employment and improvement agency in every community would take care of every unemployed person able and willing to work.

The only objection I have heard raised against such a program is, But how can we finance it? My answer to that silly question is that the only way we finance anything is by *work*!—Robert G. Gross.

"AND THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH ARE LONG, LONG THOUGHTS"

NORFOLK, VA.—Being a mere lad of eighteen years, it occurs to me that the youth of Liberty's subscribers are not getting a chance to express their opinions and exhibit their talents. I wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to devote a column to Thoughts of Our Youth.—Emmett Butler.

IRON IS HOT

LA GRANGE, ILL.—Liberty is publishing some of the best articles on the subject of war ever to go on the press. Congratulations! It is following the old proverb, Strike while the iron is hot. It may some day open the eyes and loosen the tongues of the men who can supply the cries and pleas of our fighting force.—Merna Hunter.

MEN IN LOVE

REGINA, SASK.—Can it be possible that a supposedly sane person can write such bosh as Fannie Hurst's Women in Love, in July 28 Liberty? Believe it or not, maybe there really is a Bright Girl.—Stan C. Korpe.

PS. Now we want something on Men in Love.

THE CANCER OF RADICALISM

NORTH COHOCTON, N. Y.—Liberty's editor and Bernarr Macfadden are to be congratulated on giving such large circulation to Matthew Woll's article, Is Red Russia Striking at American Industry? (July 21 Liberty.) This should be followed up by an exposé of the cancer of radicalism that is eating at the vitals of our public-school and college system. The Marxists seem to have selected our public schools as the first redoubt to be taken.—Roscoe Peacock.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Accept our heartiest congratulations on Matthew Woll's article. We sincerely hope you will follow this up with other articles on the communistic trend in this country. One of the best authorities on the subject told me that Russia was spending approximately six million dollars this year on propaganda, organizations, and strike agitation.

You have done a great service to your country.—The James True Associates.

LIBERTY FOLLOWS THE CROWD

TORONTO, ONT.—I went for my summer vacation up in the wilds of northern Ontario, the last place in the world I would have expected Liberty to have been sold. To my amazement I had a smiling Liberty boy call at my home every week and a little news dealer had erected a shack on the beach where he sold fifty-two Libertys a week throughout the entire summer.

Go to it, Liberty—you are doing a grand job!—Florence Aarons.

EUROPE'S NAUGHTY CHILD

LONDON, ENG.—I wonder to whom Senator Robinson addresses his article, How the War Debts Can Be Paid, in June 16 Liberty. Surely not the intelligentsia. I wonder if he knows European conditions as they really exist. I must here protest that Europe will pay her debts, and as soon as she can, despite the fact that Senator Robinson assures the American people that we of the Old World are endeavoring to dodge our obligations to the New.

Europe will pay her debts; but first a chance must be given her to get on her feet again. And here the parable of the goose that laid the golden eggs applies.

Still, why worry? A million Senator Robinsons will never destroy the respect the Old and New Worlds have had and always will have for each other. And after all, is not America Europe's naughty, self-willed child?—Escott E. Escott.

"SHE?"

LA CROSSE, WIS.—We enjoyed the Norma Shearer article in August 4 Liberty, and hope that in the near future we will have more of the same type. We believe many people are interested in the stories behind these glamorous personalities. Incidentally, we think Beverly Hills is "top stuff." May she* continue to be so constructively critical.

Four Liberty and movie fans.—Katherine Skemp, Jessie Newburg, Catherine Guillaume, Mary Skemp.

* [Them's fighting words, girls.—Vox Pop Editor.]

WHO'S WHO AMONG OUR AUTHORS

CROOKSVILLE, OHIO—I think your picture and short biographical sketch of each writer appearing with his story is very good and hope that you keep it up.—Clyde W. Miller.

LINES TO AN OLD LUMBERJACK

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—"Only a broken-down old lumberjack"—"possibly my opinions do not amount to much"—how sincere a letter! Walter H. B. Armitt, writing in July 14 Vox Pop, couldn't have paid a greater compliment to T. Howard Kelly than when he followed this humble description of himself by declaring he believed Kelly's June 2 Liberty article Memorial Beyond Verdun was greater than anything Edgar Allan Poe ever wrote. I believe Poe, if alive, would not have resented being "second fiddle" in an opinion so honestly delivered.

I thank you, "broken-down old lum-

Vox

berjack," for your very truthful expression.—Eve Willner.

LOAD OF BUCKSHOT

WORCESTER, MASS.—Regarding M. Falkenberg's suggestion in June 30 Vox Pop that open season be declared on speed demons:

Why not go a step further? Attach a shotgun trigger to the speed governor in each car, and when the demon exceeds the speed limit a load of buckshot will be discharged into his hide and all dispute or argument will be avoided.—J. M. Benjamin.

UNITED STATES CONTROL OF "HIRING HALLS"

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—The recent labor trouble in San Francisco and elsewhere arose from the demand of labor that it have the exclusive control of hiring of labor. When the employers failed to acquiesce, labor resorted to actions resulting in the tying up of traffic and business and loss of life.

It appears to me this question of employment should be controlled by the United States government through the supervision of "hiring halls." I understand, under existing federal laws, the government would be justified in doing this as a means of preventing further interference with the transportation of merchandise and foods necessary to the welfare of the people.

The duties of the federal management of such "hiring halls" should be to list the name, age, nativity, and qualifications of each applicant and the class of labor sought. No inquiry should be made as to whether the applicant is a member of any labor organization or a sympathizer therewith. No fee or other consideration should be asked of such applicant.

The employer desiring labor help should apply to such a "hiring hall," requesting a list of applicants for the work he wants done. From this list he should make his selection of laborers and offer his terms of payment for their work. The laborer so employed should agree not to say or do anything during such employment that would tend to create friction or other disturbance. The employer should have the right to discharge any violating employee at once, without liability other than the compensation such employee actually earned up to that time.—Charles W. Allen.

MAYBE!

BROWNWOOD, TEX.—Concerning my letter in August 4 Vox Pop, I have received several letters asking me about Alaska. One writer asked me if I really was serious, or just trying to "put something over."

Well, I am seriously thinking of mak-

Pop

ing my home in Alaska. I am for thinking out the future. I am also tired of so much criticism that offers nothing better.—*H. E. Patterson.*

SO DARN' BULL-HEADED

VANCOUVER, B. C.—In regard to the letters of Mrs. Richard Menefee and G. A. Smith in July 28 Vox Pop: They state that the reason for their tolerance of foreign criticism is their good humor and charity to ignorance. With all due respect to them, I wish to state that the reason for such tolerance is that the average American is shrewd enough to realize the worth of such criticism and profit by it, and the rest of them are so darn' bull-headed and ignorant that they don't even realize they are being criticized.—*B. P.*

ST. JOHN, N. B.—I was amazed to read the two letters published in Vox Pop under the title Monkeys Jabber at Us, having reference to John Strachey's article in June 23 Liberty, Why Do You Let Us Foreigners Insult You?

I would like to remind the writers of those letters that one foreign nation hurled plenty of insults at the Americans for over two years before they finally awoke and realized that they were actually being insulted.

I also wonder what kind of a laugh the foreign readers of your publication got when they read the article by H. L. Mencken, What to Do with Criminals, in July 28 Liberty. Don't you think that it would be a wise move to have foreign lecturers give you a few lectures on how to reduce your criminal statistics? Probably after a few such lectures you might find it pleasant to laugh at the monkeys in the zoo and not have the smile frozen on your face at the point of a gangster's revolver.—*W. J. Poole.*

UNNECESSARY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Allow me to express my appreciation for To the Ladies! by Alexandra Kropotkin. However, why the "Princess"? It's so unnatural and unnecessary at this time.—*R. E. Tweed, R. E. Tweed Company.*

KINDERGARTEN?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—You have adopted a Solomon-like policy in this controversy over cross word puzzles. One week you give the kindergarten class a push-over, and the

next week you give the real puzzle solvers a treat. On this fifty-fifty basis, every one should be satisfied.—*Harry T. Leidy.*

STILL A SUCKER

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—As far back as August 31, 1929, H. H. of Chicago wrote in Vox Pop, "I think a sucker is a person who does not read Liberty." I believe that statement is more true now than ever, for Liberty is the best all-around magazine that can be bought anywhere in this whole wide green world.—*James M. Boyd.*

GOOD AND—NOT SO GOOD

TROY, N. Y.—The more I read Liberty the more I believe it to be one of the best publications on the market. After first reading the editorial I turn to the Vox Pop pages, there to get opinions and criticism from people in all walks of life—some good and some not so good.—*Fred W. Loeble.*

IT WAS ANOTHER DAY

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your magazine published a series of articles (beginning March 10) bearing the title, A Chorus Girl's Lectures on Etiquette, by Dorothy Day.

Inasmuch as it has caused some confusion, we should appreciate a statement in Liberty to the effect that the Dorothy Day who wrote that series is not the Dorothy Day who is editor of the Catholic Worker, a Catholic labor monthly with offices at 436 East Fifteenth Street, New York City.—*The Editors, The Catholic Worker.*

[The Dorothy Day who wrote the above-mentioned series is in radio work in Chicago.—*Vox Pop Editor.*]

BABY STARS MADE GOOD

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Beverly Hills in July 28 Liberty stated: "The Wampas Baby Stars are thirteen young pieces of pulchritude chosen yearly . . . and promptly forgotten thereafter, few of

those chosen in the past ever having been known to attain stardom!"

The Wampas since 1922 has selected Colleen Moore, Lila Lee, Jacqueline Logan, Bessie Love, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mary Philbin, Pauline Starke, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Evelyn Brent, Olive Borden, Mary Astor, Mary Brian, Dolores Del Rio, Clara Bow, Dorothy MacKaill, Sally O'Neill, Sally Eilers, Lupe Velez, Helen Twelvetrees, and others. In fact, one hundred of the one hundred and thirty past Baby Stars have become real stars or featured players.—*Wilson B. Heller, Secretary, Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers.*

AN INDIVIDUAL, NO RABBIT

BENZONIA, MICH.—Rita Weiman's story, Obsession, in June 30 Liberty, reveals a deep psychology which obviously she acquired by study or observation. No doubt it is more the latter. Her stories are so naturally possible. They contain no nitwit lines, nothing to "show off" how gifted she is. After reading a story written by her I feel clean and satisfied.

Obsession is wonderfully beautiful, and among working people there are many Cliff Gregoryses.

My individual back-to-the-land movement is bringing me health. Instead of making a box car my hotel and thumbing rides on the highways, I am today peacefully settled and hoeing my corn, potatoes, and garden things. I am learning more and more of how the Creator will take care of His creatures if they are able and willing to adapt themselves to His ways.

Out here in my shack in the woods, with the rain falling pitter-patter on the roof, the birds hushed, and the trees in which they had been singing extending their thirsty branches for a cooling drink, I am realizing many things I had no time to think about when industrial conditions were good and my sole concern was to run my machine in the city factory as fast as possible and earn enough money to pay my bills.

I was only a part of that machine, quite as greasy and as much in a rut. When I was cut away from the machine I was as hopelessly lost and in danger of losing my life as Siamese twins separated from each other. I lost all I had accumulated—even my wife, who happily found work for her own support. I became a bum and almost hated the order of things which denied me employment and the right to support and live with my wife.

Here in the pretty hills and scenic beauty of middle Michigan I am curing my "depression" and learning to be an individual instead of a rabbit. I am free and enjoy daily God's great outdoors.—*August Anderson.*



"Hey, ma! Pa's tryin' to stay under water as long as that blonde lady."

The Albatross Did Follow

READING TIME • 4 MIN. 56 SEC.

A Short Short Story

by

J. I. LAWRENCE

ONLY twenty years old!" sighed Cap'n Abner Troon, "and no skipper from Gloucester to New Bedford would trust ye to swab decks, Ed Norris. Any man can smell out a scalawag like you. Thank God, you ain't got the name of Troon! It was the whole family's bad luck when your mother took up with Tom Norris—though Tom never had gump-tion enough to be a scamp like you. You got all his meanness an' some o' the Troons' vim, Lord help us!"

"It's when a feller's trying to go straight that all you holy saints step on 'im!" young Norris muttered. "Can I help what ain't my own fault? I was carrying the night's receipts—hundred and fourteen dollars—and they socked me an' knocked me cold. Tim Murray says he'll swear out a warrant tomorrow if I don't come across with the whole roll. Is that any way for a business man to act when a guy's working hard and doing his best?"

"Business men don't run roller-coasters at cheap dumps like Half-Moon Beach, nor hire black-legs like you to sell tickets for 'em. No, Ed, I can't do a thing for yer. I got you out o' jail once an' kept you out a dozen times. I've saved you from honest fellers' shotguns an' 'most everything but hangin', but I'm done!"

"You can tell yer mother what I say. You can tell 'er I'm done payin' all her interest an' taxes an' insurance, so long as she keeps right on letting you take all her money. I'm going to see Squire Adams and have 'im change my will. If she gets any of my money, it'll be a copper-bottomed trust fund with a guardeen to watch it. I won't have my only sister end up her days on the county farm just because she's weak-minded."

"Ma will get her rights, you old skinflint!" snarled the family problem. "She's a Troon, too—if that means such a hell of a lot! You can't bully her nor me, just because you got away with it on boats. 'Old Bull Troon!' That's what they called yer—every man that ever signed up with yer! Old Bull Troon!"

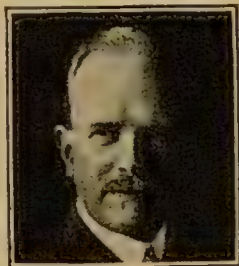
Purple clouds swept over the red of the mariner's face as he struggled out of his deep lounging chair.

"By Godfrey! I'll bust ye in two—an' never crack a bone doin' it—ye yeller jellyfish!" he bellowed.

"You set right down, Cap'n Abner!" cried out his housekeeper, Mrs. Willet, barging around the end of the grape arbor where she had been eavesdropping. "And you get out o' this yard, Ed Norris! You know your uncle's got a weak heart. His father had one, and fell dead when that albatross lit on the yardarm off Nantucket, where albatrosses don't come."

"Yeah, I know," said Ed. "I know all the family fairy tales and all the bunk. The Troons ought to been able to sail ships—they all had wind enough, God knows!"

"Get out o' here, ye good-for-nothin' worthless coot!" raged the captain. "'Fairy tales an' bunk'? The Troons were shipmasters when Boston was a swamp, an' every blessed one of 'em seen the ghost bird 'fore he died. Get out, ye scum o' the earth!—rubbish!—



J. I. LAWRENCE admits "regretfully"—the word is his—having had more than 300 pieces of fiction published. Born a New England Yankee, he has lived in the South, Southwest, the Middle West, and in New York. During the World War he was in the Air Corps.

'fore I do somethin'—I'll be—"

He brandished his walking stick and lurched forward, but stumbled; and Mrs. Willet caught him and eased him back into his chair.

"Run an' get Doc Sterling, Ed!" she gasped. "Tell Doc Sterling an' Squire Adams to come right over quick."

"Yer got a telephone," jeered the scapegrace. "Think I'm running after old Adams to do my mother out o' what's rightly hers? Maybe you think you can switch some o' the old shark's dough your way."

"Get me inter th' house, Hannah," mumbled the captain. "I ain't dyin' yet, but—get me inter th' house—an' get th' doctor."

The doctor gave him some pills and told him to stay in bed and keep quiet, but at seven o'clock next morning he was up and dressed. In defiance of Mrs. Willet, who had prepared milk toast, he made a hearty breakfast of fried scrod, eggs, and hulled corn, with a pint bowl of coffee; then he went up to the railed walk on the roof, surveyed the harbor and

the horizon with his spyglass, made observations on the weather.

At half past seven he fed the table scraps to the cat and the old one-legged kittiwake gull in the dooryard; then lit his pipe and sauntered languidly toward his chair in the garden. But he halted suddenly, and the pipe fell from his mouth.

IN the dense thicket of hollyhocks and larkspur and marigolds stood a white bird as big as a swan, its dark wings half spread for flight, its shining eyes fixed upon him.

Mrs. Willet heard his gasping cry.

"God a'mighty! th' albatross!"

She ran out, stumbling, half fainting, and shrieked as she saw fire spurt from both barrels of the captain's ancient derringer which was always in the pocket of his jacket.

Feathers were flicked from the neck of the white bird, and its head wobbled and flopped to one side grotesquely—yet it stood fast and its outspread wings were motionless.

"Set down, Cap'n Abner!" bawled the housekeeper. "It ain't alive! Don't ye see, it's that old stuffed albatross from the whaling museum? Some one done this for a turrible joke!"

People were shouting, running along the street, clambering over the fence, as she lowered the bewildered mariner into his chair.

"Gosh a'mighty!" wheezed Deacon Holly, the postmaster, "here's a feller layin' here in the bushes like he was dead. My conscience' sake! he's shot plumb through the

forehead, and—O my Lord! if 'tain't young Ed Norris!"

The captain's face was white and the muscles twitched and jerked about his mouth for an instant, but his voice came without a quaver.

"Livin' or stuffed, albatrosses mean death to them o' the Troon blood," he said.

THE END

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2. Each picture will be well known to the reading public through reproduction in history textbooks and in magazines and the press in connection with celebrations and anniversaries.

3. To compete, cut out or trace with reasonable accuracy each of the pictures, and below each write an identification of the historic event it illustrates, using not more than twenty-five words for each picture.

4. For the set of thirty pictures accompanied by the clearest, most interesting identifications Liberty will award a first prize of \$500. A second prize of \$200 will be paid; a third prize of \$100; \$10 each for the twenty next best; and \$5 each for the 200 next best. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid.

5. When your entry is complete, send it by first-class mail to HISTORICAL PICTURES CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 17, the closing date of this contest.

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT

THERE'S STILL TIME TO ENTER

THIS week contestants in Liberty's \$2,000 game of Historical Pictures start into the home stretch of the test of skill. Herewith the sixth set of pictures challenges your ability to recognize and provide captions for notable paintings illustrating North American history. Perhaps you can recall them at a glance. You may have one or more of them on the walls of your home. Undoubtedly you have seen them reproduced in magazines and newspapers in connection with anniversaries and patriotic celebrations. If you have not already entered the game, do so now. Read the rules carefully and then identify this week's pictures as instructed. That will get you well on your way. Then you will require the five preceding sets of pictures to place you even with the field.

LATE-ENTRY INSTRUCTIONS

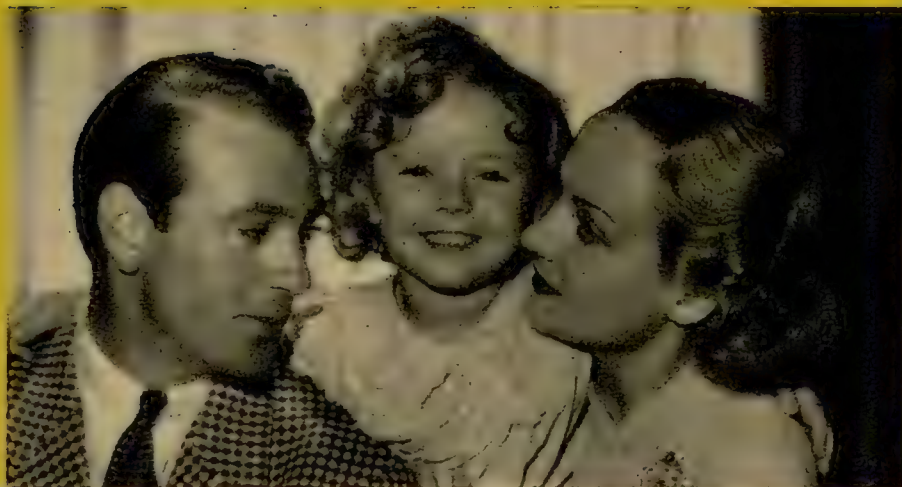
If you have mislaid or disposed of the five preceding issues in which the contest appeared, reprints of the contest pages will be sent to you gratis. Mail your request to the contest address in Rule 5 so that it is received on or before Friday, September 14. **THIS IS THE LAST LATE-ENTRY OFFER. ONLY THE FIRST FIVE SETS WILL BE RE-PRINTED. NONE WILL BE SUPPLIED AFTER SEPTEMBER 14. Act now!**

SET NO. 7 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

Contest copyrighted 1934 by Otto Kurth

SWINDLERS

Gary Cooper, Shirley Temple, and Carole Lombard in the picture *Now and Forever*.



and

*Shirley Temple
Lloyd Returns as
Cortez—Well*

READING TIME

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ NOW AND FOREVER

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard, Shirley Temple, Sir Guy Standing, Charlotte Granville. Directed by Henry Hathaway.

GARY COOPER, Carole Lombard, and Shirley Temple take the little-child-shall-lead-them theme in their latest picture *Now and Forever* and contrive—with the assistance of some lovely settings and a creditable, though violently terminated, story—to make a fairly engrossing and entertaining film of it.

Because it is such a pleasure just to look at them, Cooper, Temple, and Lombard hold your attention through the early reels while the story is groping to a situation, and then, when the plot finds itself, the picture becomes superb. Having seen movie murderers switch to sweetness and love after but one teeny touch of a baby's hand, we were no little surprised and gratified that Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard, try though they might for Miss Temple, could do little about purifying their inherently loose characters.

Gliding from the Orient to America and finally Europe, *Now and Forever* presents the gangling Cooper—rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's finest drawing-room players in spite of his Montana upbringing—as a high-pressure swindler who, with Carole Lombard, is ever on the hunt for new fields. Shirley Temple is seen as Cooper's daughter, and though her performance is as smart as any other little girl could give, she is already showing signs of calculation in her cuteness. The stunning Miss Lombard, on the other hand, is becoming more histrionically adept with each release, and if she keeps this pace up may soon be known as an actress rather than a clotheshorse.

When, settling down to a job for the baby's sake, Cooper discovers that his mode of living and his weekly salary leave much room between, he steals a necklace to fill the gap. Shirley discovers the theft, just as she did the pearls in *Baby, Take a Bow*, leading us to believe that she could get a spot on the police force if her screen novelty ever wears off.

Realizing that he's hardly a proper father, Cooper relinquishes Shirley to a rich old woman and attempts to regain the necklace to make a clean sweep of the whole thing.

Now and Forever has a surprise and tragic ending which, along with the general competence of the players, is enough to lift the film above most cinemas of this sort. In no sense "colossal", we liked it a lot more than many pictures which labor under that adjective.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture made from original story Honor Bright by Jack Kirkland and Melville Baker, costing about \$250,000. . . . Author Kirkland is ex-husband of Nancy Carroll (*La Hiff*), by whom one child. Dramatized harrowing sub-cretin *Tobacco Road* by Erskine

(Earthy) Caldwell, and with Philip (H. G. Wells, Jr.) Wylie wrote *Zoo in Budapest*. . . . Adapter Austin Parker was once Mr. Miriam Hopkins.

. . . Gary Cooper hails from out there in the wide open spaces of Montana, pardner, where there is a town named after his old-English family. Cooper lost eighteen pounds in one of those privacy-of-the-goldfish-bowl love affairs with tempestuous Whoopee Lupe Velez. What's left of him is now comfortably married to beauteous Sandra Shaw. His chief ambition in life is to be a cartoonist. The days when he starred as the hard ridin' hero of Westerns found him in real life one of the milkiest of Caspar Milque-toasts. . . . Luscious Carole Lombard hails from George Jean Nathan's town, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Plastic surgery salvaged her beauty and screen career after a frightful motor accident. She has been selected by John Barrymore as a favorite leading lady since she can act in a non-Hollywoodian manner. Though divorced from Bill Powell, he continues to host her parties. She started as a Fox star but lapsed to Mack Sennetorialism, being chased by the wild waves and wilder comedians till respectable stardom again beckoned. . . . Shirley Temple is again borrowed by Paramount from Fox. Moviedom claims Fox may have discovered the dainty brat but Paramount made her. Parents continue to squabble with Fox over contract; rumored to have accepted \$1,000 a week (a jump from the \$150 which the original contract called for). Rumor also hath it that the Temples Sr. want \$50,000 per piktsch. Meanwhile Shirley sleeps

through showings of her performances, makes crayon drawings on the set when not producing real tears for her scenes (several bucketloads were wept in this tear-jerker). Her parents are taking a house at poetic Pebble Beach, California, to rest from Shirley's arduous duties and are considering a long sea voyage to convalesce from Contract Battle wounds. . . . Sir Guy Standing is one of the four sons of Herbert Standing, famous Henglish hactor.

by

BEVERLY HILLS

★ ★ ½ CAT'S PAW

THE PLAYERS: Harold Lloyd, Una Merkel, George Barbier, Nat Pendleton, Alan Dinehart, Grace Bradley, Grant Mitchell. Directed by Sam Taylor. From

the story by Clarence Budington Kelland.

FOR his first picture in about two years, Harold Lloyd has, in *Cat's Paw*, a picture that is not quite so funny as its basic idea, which is all about showing the effects of American civilization on a boy raised in China by idealistic and scholarly mandarins. For those who remember Lloyd's silent pictures with their string of beautifully timed gags, this latest one may come as something of a mild shock.

It makes little attempt at hilarity, but for all its slowness we found it to have a great deal of charm and many moments of pleasing nonsense.

Coming to America fresh from a secluded mission, Lloyd gets himself embroiled in city politics when gangsters, certain that he cannot be elected, put him up for mayor so that they may continue their graft. That he becomes elected is no great surprise to the audience, but the ensuing scenes in which he uses Chinese methods in American politics are frequently bitter in their implication, and comic.

Una Merkel's wise-cracking drawl contrasts nicely with Lloyd's bookish remarks; and the rest of the cast, headed by the effusive George Barbier, is entirely acceptable. If you are worrying about pictures for the kiddies (brats, if they're not yours), this one will do them no harm and please them to boot. We think that you may like it, too.

and GANGSTERS SMILES

**Recovers Another Necklace, Harold
in Oriental Politician, and Ricardo
You'll Be Surprised**

MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Harold Lloyd, shown
with Grace Bradley,
returns after two
years in Cat's Paw.



VITAL STATISTICS: Story taken from Clarence Budington Kelland's mag serial of same name. . . . Marks Harold (Cellu) Lloyd's return to screen after two-year absence and, but for some stories purchased eighteen years ago from T. A. Dorgan (Tad), his first non-original exclusive screen written rôle. As years progress Lloyd has rested more and more on characterization and story plus gags rather than on gags alone. Has now entirely outgrown adolescent rôles. Like many comedians Lloyd is adding a Messianic spirit to his work, the older he grows. Was first "fresh salesman" type of comic, distinctly differently technique from Chaplin and the Mack Sennett school of custard. Has always been finicky careful worker. Always surrounds himself entirely with gagmen before "shooting." Takes six months or more to prepare his stories, shoots gags, reshoots them, then shoots some more. Scraps plenty. Average pay for gagmen: \$250 a week. Very sympathetic accord between Lloyd and his crew, and results prove value of pains taken. Lloyd pictures always cost well over half million but make fortunes, comedians knowing no international boundary lines. Private life finds Lloyd, unlike Chaplin, but once married—to Mildred Davis, early leading lady to him (now he's her leading man, heh-heh), by whom two children. Describes wife as his b. f. & s. movie c. The Lloyds are distinctly rich but not Hollywood rich, living simply and mouse quietly on a \$2,000,000 estate outside Hollywood, containing trout streams, hunting preserves, etc. The Lloyds rarely go places and do things. They are the F. F. H. (First Family of Hollywood). They have their own projection rooms and theater, etc. Lloyd is a skilled magician; actually studied a couple of Chinese dialects for use in this picture; runs and finances his own company; is very shrewd; butter-genial; and though he started on the stage always refuses pleas of managers to return. Could make a fortune in personal appearances but is a Chaplin at heart. . . . Sam Taylor reunites with Lloyd as director for this one after seven years. Remember Harold as Lonesome Luke? . . . Una Merkel was drafted by Dr. Lee De Forest, talkie inventor, in first talkie made, Love's Old Sweet Song, back in 1924. It was a flop. . . . Story in film has actual historical precedence in Chinese history, the sword used by one Fou Wang to cleanse the wicked city of Gan-who being replicaed for use by Lloyd in film. . . . Picture has Purity Seal No. 55 issued by Morals Czar Breen. Lloyd expects to do three a year henceforth.

★ ½ HAT, COAT AND GLOVE

THE PLAYERS: Ricardo Cortez, Barbara Robbins, John Beal, Margaret Hamilton, Sara Haden, Dorothy Burgess. Directed by Worthington Miner.

SLEEK Ricardo Cortez, long a fugleman in screen villainy, turns to probity with such wistful complacency in *Hat, Coat and Glove* that we hope he will soon return to his native field. This picture shows him as a self-sacrificing criminal attorney who, when his wife's boy friend gets himself accused of murder, steps in and saves the rival at great risk to his own reputation and happiness.

With some of the most wooden acting ever gathered in one picture and made even more lifeless by a continuous barrage of dull and stilted lines, *Hat, Coat and Glove*—the title being taken from the articles of evidence in the trial—finally attains some interest during the trial scenes where Cortez, defending the case, points the guilt toward himself. Though he practically proves himself to be the murderer, the jury, cognizant of his impeccable and brilliant record, think it all a joke, dropping the case.

Unless it's raining cats and dogs outside, there is some doubt whether many of the audience will remain through enough of the picture to see its worth-while and surprising climax.

VITAL STATISTICS: What, no vest? . . . Picture taken from play of same name, sold to RKO for \$17,500, is not being subsidized by the clothing industry and is not a half-dressed nudist film. . . . Leading rôle refused by John Barrymore, Paul Lukas, and others on principle that "If it isn't good enough for Barrymore it isn't good enough for me." Barrymore thought it unworthy of his talents. Part now played by Ricardo Cortez, who is married quite happily to socialite Christine Lee. . . . John Beal was born Alexander Bliedung in Joplin, Missouri, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania to start dramatic career at Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theater at Rose Valley, Pennsylvania. Scored triumph in *She Loves Me Not* on stage. Once turned down gilded film contract (after *Another Language*) in order to get more stage experience. . . . Screen-debuting Barbara Robbins of the B'way stage was born Irma Theobald. Graduated public schools and then Horace Mann. Made dud debut in 1931 in Borzage's *After Tomorrow*. The picture came out but she

didn't! Married to Robert Bell, stage director, she has a scottie named Nordic Necessity Hopeful Bell who answers to Noah. . . .

Walks four miles before breakkier; hates writing letters and answering the phone; her pet economy is writing paper; plays the piano and takes singing lessons to "keep fit"; never diets; wanted to be an evangelist when a child, and once worked as a perfume squirter in a department store in New York. . . .

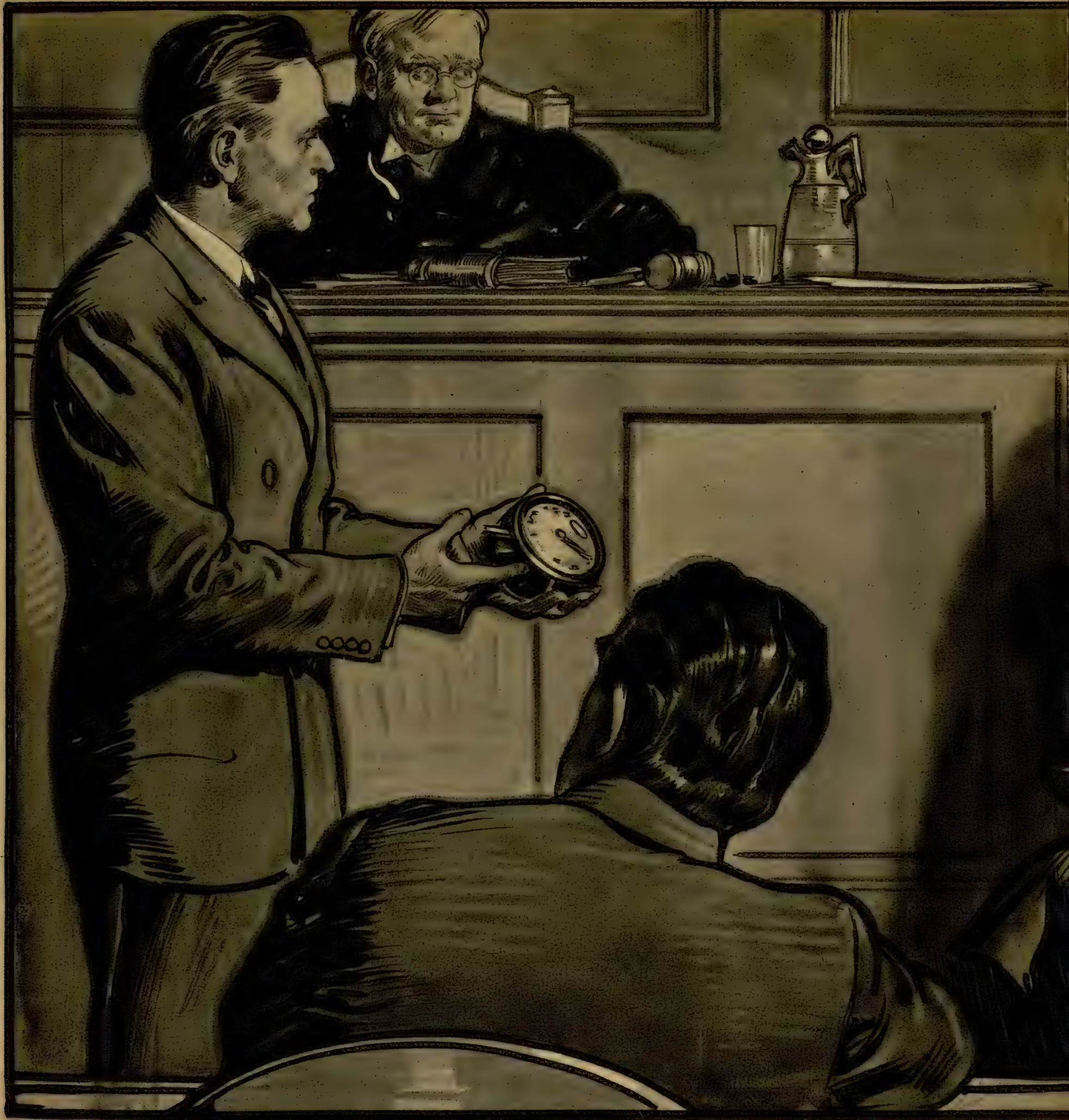
Attractive package-of-dynamite Dorothy Burgess is niece to Fay Bainter; has had a terrible time (after vamping through *In Old Arizona*) escaping untamed little tempest parts; is happily unmarried; lives with mama; likes clay modeling; has brown hair and eyes; rode to work one morning on a milk wagon, having lost the way during her antepandial walk. Was born in L. A. within a contract's throw of the studios, but got her start on New York stage. . . . Sara Haden was told she never could star because she wasn't beautiful and has become a very successful character comédienne. . . .

Old Negro real-life character applied for atmosphere work during the film's casting. When he was asked what he could play, he answered promptly and casually, "Oh, a old shoe!"

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People.



■ "Now, Mrs. Crandall, don't you think the bell you

**Will the Sound of a Bell
Save Rhoda Montaine?
Watch Perry Mason Strike
His Most Telling Blow!**

The Case CURIOUS



by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

RHODA MONTAINE is on trial, charged with the murder of Gregory Moxley, swindler of women. Privately she admits to her counsel, Perry Mason, that she killed Moxley. He tried to blackmail her after she married Carl W. Montaine, weakling son of a millionaire, she says, and in an argument in his apartment she struck him with an iron poker. But Mason doesn't believe her story. He suspects she is trying to shield the actual slayer, and with Paul Drake, a private detective, investigates.

Young Montaine, highly nervous, identifies a garage key found near Moxley's body as his wife's; also he says she tried to drug him and slipped out of their apartment shortly before the killing. Rhoda is arrested on her husband's information and, contrary to Mason's instructions, makes a statement to the district attorney. Benjamin Crandall and his wife, Moxley's neighbors, had declared they heard somebody at the victim's street door ringing his bell at the very moment when he was being slain, and Rhoda grasps at this as her alibi, claiming she was that person. As Mason sees Rhoda's case now, all the prosecution has to do is produce the actual ringer of the bell to prove she lied and send her to the chair.

Secretly he substitutes a buzzer for Moxley's bell and makes the same switch in all other apartments in the building. Then he sends Sidney Otis to live in Moxley's apartment, with instructions to replace the buzzer with a new bell. The lawyer defeats a suit brought by C. Philip Montaine in behalf of his son to annul Rhoda's marriage and files a suit for her to divorce Carl, despite her tearful protests that she loves him. He also obtains the Court's permission to take Carl's deposition.

On the first day of the murder trial Crandall testifies for the state to having heard Moxley's bell ringing while the murder was being committed, and is positive it was the doorbell, and not Moxley's telephone or any other kind of bell. The hearing is then adjourned in order that Mason may take Carl Montaine's deposition before his secretary, Della Street, and now we find Mrs. Crandall being called to the witness stand for a resumption of the murder trial.

PART TEN — TRAPPED

JUDGE MARKHAM banged his gavel, observed that the jurors were all present and the defendant was in court, and instructed Mrs. Crandall to take the witness stand once more for cross-examination.

Perry Mason addressed himself to the Court.

"Your Honor," he said, "it was agreed between counsel yesterday that the doorbell taken from the apartment where Gregory Moxley met his death would be received in evidence. I desire to cross-examine this witness concerning the sound of that doorbell, and have had an electrician prepare a set of dry batteries, properly wired with clamps which can be adjusted to the bell, so that I can ring the bell itself in court to test the recollection of the witness as to the manner in which it was rung. The Court will remember that yesterday the husband of this witness testified generally to the sound of the bell as having been 'an entirely different type of bell. In the first place, there was more of a whirring sound to it. In the second place, it rang at longer intervals than a telephone bell rings.'

"I have quoted, your Honor, from the testimony of Mr. Crandall as it has been written up by the court reporter. Obviously such testimony is merely the conclusion of a witness; and in view of the fact that Mrs. Cran-

heard *must* have been that of the alarm clock?"

of the BRIDE

dall has given similar testimony, I feel that I should be able to cross-examine these witnesses with the doorbell itself in evidence. In view of the fact that I believe the bell has been brought to court, I ask permission of the Court to have this witness step down from the stand long enough to enable the prosecution to introduce its evidence identifying the doorbell and making it available for such tests."

Judge Markham glanced at John Lucas.

"Any objection?" he asked.

John Lucas waved his arms, spreading them wide apart as though baring his breast to the inspection of the jury. His manner was aggressively frank:

"Certainly not," he said. "We are only too glad to submit our evidence in such a manner that it will assist counsel for the defense in his cross-examination of our witnesses. We want counsel to have every possible opportunity for cross-examination."

With a smirk he sat down.

Judge Markham nodded to Mrs. Crandall.

"Just step down for a moment, Mrs. Crandall," he said, and then nodded to John Lucas.

"Very well, counselor," he said in a voice sufficiently uncordial to apprise Lucas that further attempts at grandstanding in front of the jury would meet with judicial rebuff. "Proceed to introduce the doorbell in evidence."

"Call Sidney Otis," said Lucas.

The big electrician lumbered forward, glanced at Perry Mason, then glanced hurriedly away. He held his eyes downcast while he raised his hand, listened to the oath being administered. Then he sat on the edge of the witness chair and looked expectantly at John Lucas.

"Your name?" asked John Lucas.

"Sidney Otis."

"Where do you reside?"

"Apartment B, Colemont Apartments, 316 Norwalk Avenue."

"What's your occupation?"

"An electrician."

"When did you move into the apartment which you now occupy?"

"About the 20th of June, I think it was."

"You're familiar with the doorbell in the apartment which you occupy, Mr. Otis?"

"Oh, yes."

"As an electrician you have perhaps noticed it more or less particularly?"

"Yes."

"Has the bell been changed or tampered with in any way since you occupied the apartment?"

Sidney Otis squirmed uncomfortably.

"Not since I moved into the apartment," he said.

"You say the bell has not been changed since you moved into the apartment?" John Lucas asked, puzzled.

"That's right."

"Had it, to your own knowledge, been changed or tampered with in any way prior to the time you moved into the apartment?"

"Yes."

JOHN LUCAS snapped to startled upright rigidity.

"What was that?" he demanded.

"I said it had been changed," said Sidney Otis.

"How? In what way?" asked John Lucas, his face taking on a slow flush of anger.

"I'm an electrician," said Sidney Otis simply. "When I moved into that apartment I put on a doorbell that I took from my own store."

There was an expression of relief apparent on the face of the deputy district attorney.

"Oh! So you wanted to put on one of your own bells—is that it?"

"Yes."

"I see," said Lucas, smiling now. "And the bell that you took out when you installed yours—you have kept that in your possession, have you?"

"I kept it," said Sidney Otis. "But it wasn't a bell—it was a buzzer."

There was a tense dramatic silence in the courtroom. Eyes of judge, jurors, and spectators turned to the frank

honest face of Sidney Otis, then turned to stare at John Lucas. His hands were gripping the edge of the counsel table so that the skin showed white over his knuckles.

"When did you move into that apartment?" he asked ominously.

"About the 20th or 21st of June; somewhere along in there."

"And just before you moved into the apartment you changed the doorbell?"

"That's right. I took off the buzzer and put on a bell."

Lucas took a deep breath.

"Look here," he said. "Have you had occasion to go in the other apartments in that building?"

"No, sir."

"Then you don't know as a matter of fact that there are bells in the other three apartments, and that the very remarkable and single exception was discovered by you when you moved into your apartment and found a buzzer in it?"

"I don't know, as I get just what you mean," Sidney Otis said. "But if you mean that my apartment was the only one that had a buzzer on it, you're wrong, because the other upstairs apartment had a buzzer."

"HOW do you know, if you've never been in the apartment? Did some one tell you?"

"No, sir; but you see, when I was putting on the bell in my apartment, I started checking up on the wiring, and while I was doing that I pressed the buttons of the other apartments. I don't know what's in the two downstairs apartments, but in the other upstairs apartment my wife could hear the buzzer sounding when I pressed the button."

John Lucas whirled to a deputy sheriff.

"Get out there and find if there're buzzers on those other apartments," he ordered loudly.

Judge Markham banged his gavel.

"Counselor," he said, "as long as you are in court before this jury you will confine your remarks to questions of the witness and comments to the Court."

Lucas was quivering with rage. He bowed his head in silent assent to the Court's admonition, turned to Perry Mason, and for a moment could not trust his voice. Then he said, after an abortive motion of his lips, "Cross-examine."

Perry Mason waved his hand in a gesture of dismissal.

"Why," he said, "I've no questions. In fact I find myself very much at a loss as to how to proceed, because I had intended to make some tests with the doorbell. It now appears that *this* doorbell wasn't the one that was in the apartment when Moxley was killed."

John Lucas whirled to face the witness.

"That's all," he said. "You're excused, Mr. Otis. I will call, if the Court please, as my next witness—"

"You forget," interrupted Perry Mason, "that Mrs. Crandall was on the stand for cross-examination. I had just started my cross-examination of her when she was withdrawn in order to permit you to call Sidney Otis as your witness."

"Very well," said Judge Markham; "you may proceed with the cross-examination of Mrs. Crandall."

Ellen Crandall took the witness stand, looking very much bewildered.

"Directing your attention to the bell that you heard during the time when the sounds of struggle were coming from the apartment where the murder was committed," said Perry Mason, "are you prepared to state positively that that was not a *telephone* bell that you heard?"

"I don't *think* it was," said Mrs. Crandall.

"What are your reasons for saying that?"

"Because it didn't ring like a telephone bell. A telephone bell rings a short ring, then there's a minute of silence and then another ring. It's a mechanical ringing, and it's a higher-pitched bell. This was more of a whirring sound."

"Now then," said Perry Mason kindly, "I don't want to trick you, Mrs. Crandall, and if it should appear that there wasn't any doorbell in that apartment but that there was a buzzer, then it must of course be true that it *couldn't* have been the doorbell which you heard."

John Lucas got to his feet.

"Objected to," he said, "as argumentative."

"The question may be argumentative," said Judge Markham, "but it is manifestly a fair method of cross-examination, even if the phraseology of the question may make it objectionable. The objection is overruled."

"I *thought* it was a doorbell," said Mrs. Crandall.

"Now then," said Perry Mason, "I am going to direct your attention to the photograph, People's Exhibit B, and show you that there is an alarm clock in that photograph. Isn't it possible, Mrs. Crandall, that the bell which you heard on the night of the murder, at the same time you heard the sounds of struggle and conflict, was *the bell on the alarm clock?*"

Mrs. Crandall's face lit up.

"Why, yes," she said, "it might have been! Come to think of it, perhaps it was. It *must* have been."

Perry Mason addressed the Court.

"Now, your Honor," he said, "I desire to cross-examine this witness by letting her hear the identical bell on this alarm clock. She has had her recollection tested of hearing the ringing of a doorbell in the apartment occupied by the victim of the homicide on the night of the killing. It now appears that that doorbell was not in the apartment at the time. It further appears from the prosecution's own testimony that the alarm clock was. I therefore insist that the prosecution shall produce this alarm clock here and now."

Judge Markham looked down at John Lucas.

"Any objections?" he asked.

"You bet there's objection!" shouted John Lucas, getting to his feet. "We'll put on our case in any way we see fit. We're not going to be browbeaten or tricked—"

Judge Markham's gavel banged repeatedly.

"COUNSELOR," he said, "sit down. Your statement is improper as argument or as statement. A request has been made that the prosecution produce an article which was taken from the room where the homicide was committed. This article is admittedly in the custody of the prosecution. In view of the testimony that has been introduced on the direct examination of this witness concerning the ringing of a bell in the apartment, I believe that it is within the legitimate bounds of cross-examination to ask this witness concerning *any* bell which was in the apartment, and to let her listen to it for the purpose of ascertaining whether it is the bell in question or not. I direct, therefore, that the alarm clock be brought into court."

John Lucas sat perfectly rigid, his eyes blazing.

"You have the alarm clock in your possession?" asked Judge Markham.

"The sheriff has it," said John Lucas, speaking with an effort. "And, your Honor," the enraged prosecutor said, jumping to his feet, "you can see the manner in which this whole

thing has been manipulated. We were trapped into breaking into the cross-examination of Mrs. Crandall in order to be confronted with the surprise which counsel on the other side apparently anticipated. Now, with the witness confused by this spectacular development, which I have had no chance to investigate thoroughly, she is rushed into her cross-examination without the opportunity of conferring with counsel for the prosecution—"

Judge Markham's gavel banged repeatedly on the marble slab.

"Counselor," he said, "your remarks are improper and are out of order. You will be seated."

After glowering for a moment at John Lucas, Judge Markham turned to the jurors and said, "The jury is instructed to disregard the remarks of counsel."

Then to the bailiff:

"Bring that alarm clock into court," he said.

THE bailiff stepped from the courtroom. There was a moment of silence, then the hissing sibilants of excited whispers, the sounds of rustling garments as people squirmed in an ecstasy of excitement. From the back of the courtroom came a short hysterical giggle.

Judge Markham banged his gavel.

"Silence!" he said.

A deputy sheriff brought an alarm clock into court.

Perry Mason looked at it, turned it over in his hands.

"I take it," said he, "that I may use this in my cross-examination of the witness?"

"You may use it," Judge Markham said.

"You will observe," Perry Mason said, handing the alarm clock to Mrs. Crandall, "that the alarm is set for two o'clock. You will further notice that the clock has now stopped. It is apparently run down. I will also call to the attention of the Court and counsel that the alarm seems to be run down."

"It would," said John Lucas, "after having been in the hands of the sheriff, naturally have run down. No one would have heard it in the sheriff's office at two o'clock in the morning."

"There need be no argument," said Judge Markham. "What is it you wish to do with the alarm clock, counselor?"

"I wish to wind the alarm," said Perry Mason, "turn the hands of the clock, so that it may definitely be ascertained when the alarm was set. I want the witness to hear the sound of the alarm, and then she can testify whether that was the bell that she heard."

"Very well," said Judge Markham. "You will wind the alarm clock and set the hands under the supervision of the Court. Mr. Lucas, if you wish to step up to the bench while counsel is winding the clock so that you may supervise the manner in which it is wound, you are invited to do so."

John Lucas sat rigid.



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"Has the bell been changed since you occupied the apartment?" Sidney Otis squirmed uncomfortably.

"I refuse to have anything to do with this," he said. Judge Markham frowned at him, turned to Perry Mason.

"Step up with the alarm clock, counselor," he said.

Perry Mason suddenly dominated the courtroom. Gone was all the indifference of his former manner. He was now the showman putting on a headline act. He bowed to the judge, turned to smile at the jury, stepped up to the bench. He wound up the alarm, turned the hands of the clock slowly. When the minute hand registered five minutes before two, the alarm whirled into action.

Perry Mason set the clock on the judge's desk, and walked away as though satisfied with what he had done.

The alarm whirled for several seconds, then paused for an appreciable interval, then whirled again, paused, and once more exploded into noise.

PERRY MASON stepped forward and shut off the alarm, turned to Mrs. Crandall and smiled at her.

"Now, Mrs. Crandall," he said, "since it appears that it *couldn't* have been the doorbell that you heard, since you are equally positive that it wasn't the telephone that you heard, don't you think that the bell you heard *must* have been that of the alarm clock?"

"Yes, it must have been."

"You're willing to swear that it was?"

"Yes."

"Now that you think it over, you're as certain of the fact that it must have been the alarm clock which you heard ringing as you are of any other testimony you have given in this case?"

"Yes."

Judge Markham picked up the alarm clock, inspected it frowningly. He toyed with the key which wound the

alarm—suddenly started drumming his fingers on the bench. He frowningly surveyed Perry Mason, then turned to regard the alarm clock with a scowl.

Perry Mason bowed in the direction of John Lucas.

"No further cross-examination," he said.

"Redirect examination, counselor?" asked Judge Markham of the deputy district attorney.

John Lucas got to his feet.

"Are you now swearing positively," he shouted, "in contradiction of your previous testimony, that it was not a doorbell which you heard, but the bell of an alarm clock?"

Mrs. Crandall looked somewhat dazed at the savagery of his attack.

Perry Mason's laugh was good-humored, patronizing, insulting.

"Why, your Honor," he said, "counselor has forgotten himself. He is seeking to cross-examine his own witness. This is not *my* witness; this is a witness on behalf of the *prosecution*."

"The objection is sustained," said Judge Markham.

John Lucas took a deep breath, stood quivering with rage.

"It was this alarm clock which you heard?" he asked.

"Yes," said the witness with a sudden truculent emphasis.

John Lucas sat down, his knees seeming to lose strength.

"Your Honor," said Perry Mason, "may I recall Mr. Crandall for one question on further cross-examination?"

"Under the circumstances," the judge said, "the Court will permit it."

The tense dramatic silence of the courtroom was so

impressive that the pound of Benjamin Crandall's feet as he walked up the aisle to the witness stand sounded as audible as the pulsations of some drum of doom.

Crandall resumed the witness stand.

"You have heard your wife's testimony?" asked Perry Mason.

"Yes, sir."

"You have heard the alarm clock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you," said Perry Mason, "desire to contradict your wife's testimony that it was the alarm clock she heard, or—"

John Lucas jumped to his feet.

"Objected to!" he said. "Argumentative. That's not proper cross-examination and counsel knows it."

Judge Markham nodded.

"The objection," he said in tones of grim severity, "is sustained. Counsel will keep his examination within the legitimate province of orderly questions."

Perry Mason accepted the rebuke meekly but withal smilingly.

"Yes, your Honor," he said quietly, and turned to the witness and smiled.

"Now, I'll put it this way, Mr. Crandall," he said. "It now appearing from the physical facts of the case that you couldn't have heard a doorbell, and inasmuch as you have stated positively that it *wasn't* a telephone bell which you heard, don't you think it must have been this alarm clock which you heard?"

The witness took a deep breath. His eyes moved around the courtroom, locked with the steady eyes of his wife, who sat in an aisle seat.

John Lucas made an objection in a voice which quivered with emotion so that it almost broke.

"Your Honor," he said, "that question is argumentative. Counsel is carefully making an argument to this man and incorporating that argument as a part of his question. It is not the way to cross-examine this witness. Why doesn't he come out and ask him fairly and frankly, without all these preliminaries, whether he heard a doorbell or whether he didn't hear a doorbell?"

"I THINK, your Honor," Perry Mason said, "that this is legitimate cross-examination."

Before Judge Markham could rule on the point, the witness blurted a reply.

"If you fellows think I'm going to contradict my wife," he said, "you're crazy!"

The courtroom broke into a roar of spontaneous laughter which Judge Markham could not silence despite the pounding of his gavel.

After the tense drama of the previous situation the spectators welcomed a chance to find some relief from the emotional tension.

When order finally was restored, and the judge had threatened to clear the courtroom if there was any further demonstration, John Lucas said in a voice that was like the complaint of a wronged child to its mother,

"That's just the point that Perry Mason was trying to drill into the mind of this witness! He was trying to make him realize the position he put his wife in if he didn't testify the way Perry Mason wanted him to."

"Well," said Judge Markham, with a smile twisting the corners of his mouth despite himself, "whether that may be or not, it now is apparent that the point *has* been drilled into the mind of the witness. However, I will sustain the objection."

Perry Mason bowed.

"Was it a doorbell that you heard," he asked, "or was it an alarm clock?"

"It was an alarm clock," said Crandall without hesitation.

Perry Mason sat down.

"That's all the cross-examination," he said.

"Redirect examination?" asked Judge Markham.

Lucas walked toward the witness holding the alarm clock in his left hand, shaking it violently until the sound of metal tinkling against metal was audible throughout the courtroom.

"Are you going to tell this jury," he said, "that it was *this* alarm clock that you heard?"

"If that's the alarm clock that was in the room," said the witness slowly, "that was the one I heard."

"And it wasn't a doorbell at all?"

"It *couldn't* have been."

Lucas looked at the witness with exasperation on his face.

"That's all," he said.

Crandall left the stand. Lucas, holding the alarm clock in his hand, turned and walked toward the counsel table. Midway to the table he paused as though he had suddenly been struck with some idea. He raised the alarm clock, stood staring at it—then whirled to face Judge Markham. Indignant words poured from his lips.

"Your Honor," he said, "the object of this examination is apparent.

If this alarm was set for five minutes before two, and the alarm was ringing at the very moment when Gregory Moxley was murdered, the defendant, Rhoda Montaine, can't possibly have been the one who was guilty of that murder, because the testimony of the prosecution's own witness showed that she was not at the scene of the murder at that time, but, until some ten minutes after two o'clock on the morning when the murder was committed, was in a service station where she was under the eyes of an attendant who has carefully checked the time.

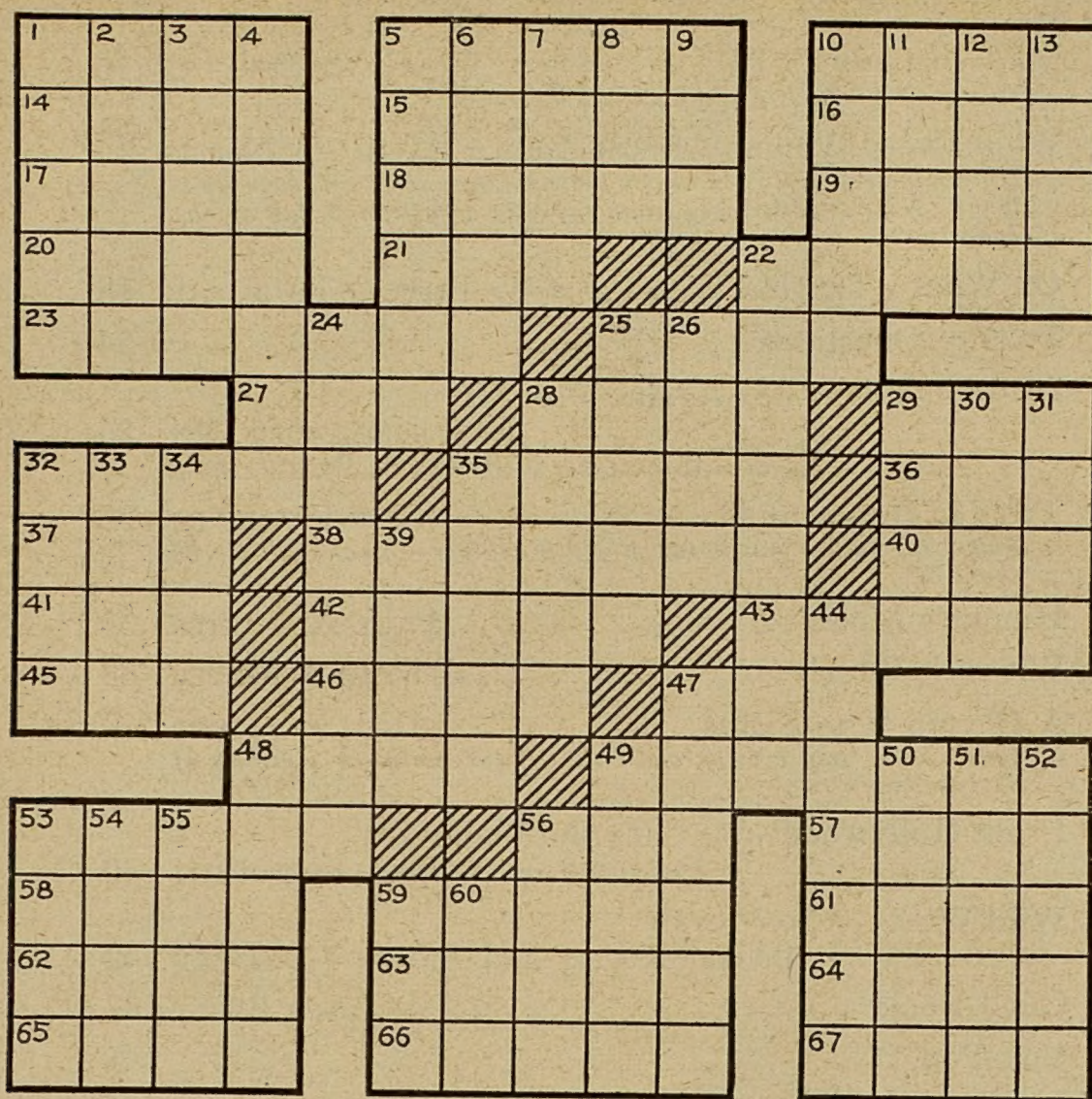
"NOW, in view of that fact, it appears that the most important part of this whole situation hinges upon the question of whether the alarm on this clock had been *shut off* or allowed to run down. Now, I noticed that counsel for the defense took that clock from the hands of the deputy sheriff. I noticed that he *said* that the alarm was run down. But there's no proof that it *was* run down. It would have been an exceedingly simple matter for counsel to have manipulated that lever while he was winding the alarm clock and turning the hands. I therefore suggest that all of this evidence be stricken out."

The Court motioned Perry Mason to silence, stared steadily at John Lucas.

"You can't strike out that evidence," he said, "because the witnesses have now testified positively that it was the alarm clock that they heard. Regardless of the *means* by which they were induced to make such a statement, they have made it and the testimony must stand. However, the Court desires to state, Mr. Lucas, that if counsel had desired to safeguard the interests of the People against any such manipulation of the alarm clock, counsel was afforded that privilege. The Court specifically invited counsel to step up to the bench and watch counsel for the defense

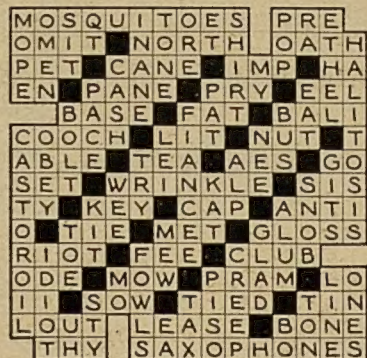
Triple action—that's what makes 3-in-One Oil give so much extra speed to roller skates, bikes, scooters. As it oils it prevents rust; keeps bearings cleaner.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 To string on a stick
- 5 A tooth
- 10 A lot
- 14 Load
- 15 Ascend
- 16 Sashes
- 17 State
- 18 Induce
- 19 Character of old Teutonic alphabet
- 20 Rip
- 21 Strike gently
- 22 One who mates
- 23 Attempted
- 25 City in Ohio
- 27 Vulgar fellow
- 28 Labor
- 29 Woman's name
- 32 Tardier
- 35 Declaim
- 36 Apron part
- 37 Eggs
- 38 Contrives
- 40 Pronoun
- 41 Kind of muffin
- 42 Make suitable
- 43 Doctrine
- 45 Sooner than
- 46 Strong wind
- 47 By
- 48 Borders
- 49 Diminishes
- 53 Withers



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 56 Billow
- 57 A gasp
- 58 Declare
- 59 An element
- 61 A tendency
- 62 To vex
- 63 A decree
- 64 Enough
- 65 German river
- 66 Defied
- 67 Moisture (pl.)

VERTICAL

- 1 A prearranged list
- 2 Surfaces, as a street
- 3 Notions
- 4 A platform of earth
- 5 Entangled
- 6 A nymph
- 7 Walk lamely
- 8 Small snake
- 9 To steep
- 10 Kind of eel
- 11 Border on
- 12 Baseball team
- 13 River in France and Belgium
- 22 Meddled with
- 24 Amounts measured in yards
- 25 To brown
- 26 A ceremony
- 28 Edible part of a ruminant's stomach
- 29 Black
- 30 A plant
- 31 Instigate
- 32 Theater box
- 33 Declare
- 34 Domesticated
- 35 Ellipses
- 39 A cheese
- 44 Burst forth
- 47 Rang
- 48 Chopper
- 49 Author of Peg Woffington
- 50 English novelist
- 51 Invest
- 52 Boils
- 53 A game at cards
- 54 Greedy
- 55 Charity gift
- 56 Asterisk
- 59 Surrounded by
- 60 A period

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



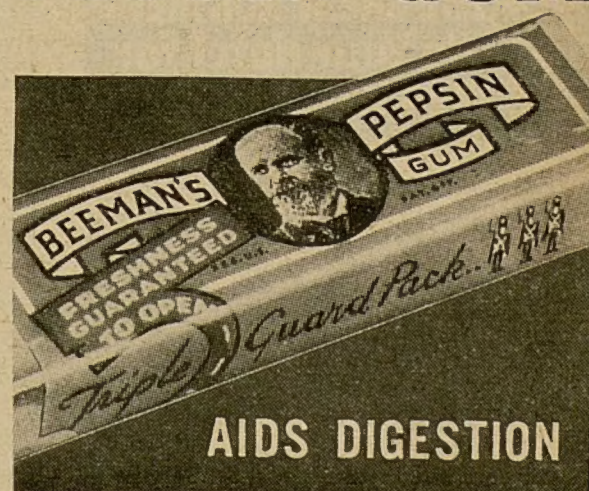
Hitting on all twelve!

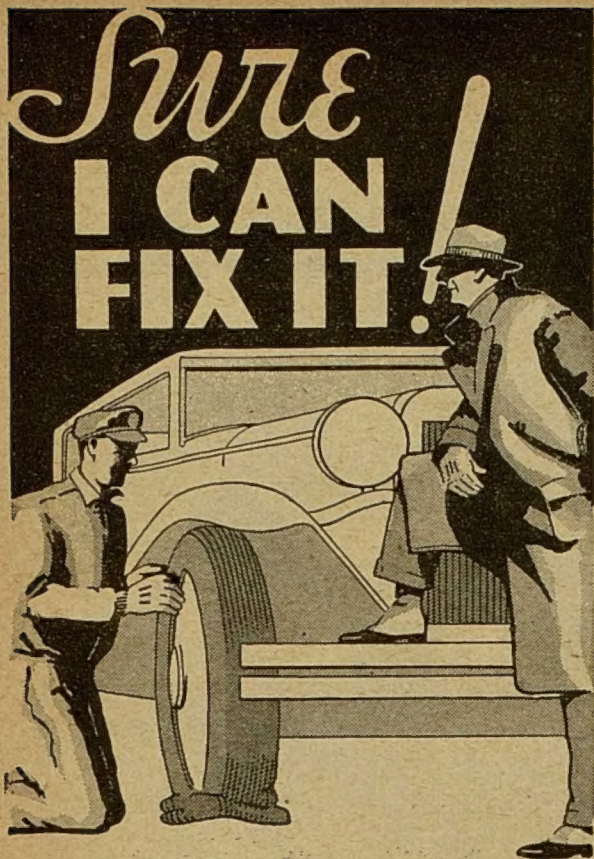
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★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

WHAT WILL FATHER COUGHLIN DO NEXT?

By

Maxine Davis

"The most powerful and popular man, after Roosevelt, in the United States"—Are he and the President at the parting of the ways?

HOW THE WAR RACKET IS HELPING HITLER

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Are Germany's former enemies equipping her for another war? Here are some facts that will amaze you

Other stories and articles by Grace Perkins, Konrad Bercovici, Dixie Willson, Talbert Josselyn, Dick Williams, and others

It Happens



9

TIMES OUT OF

10



"HAVE SOME MORE
VEGETABLES, DEAR—
WILLIAM, BE A GOOD
BOY, AND EAT YOURS."

"DON'T CARE FOR
THEM TONIGHT DEAR.
THEY AREN'T UP TO
YOUR USUAL STAND-
ARD."



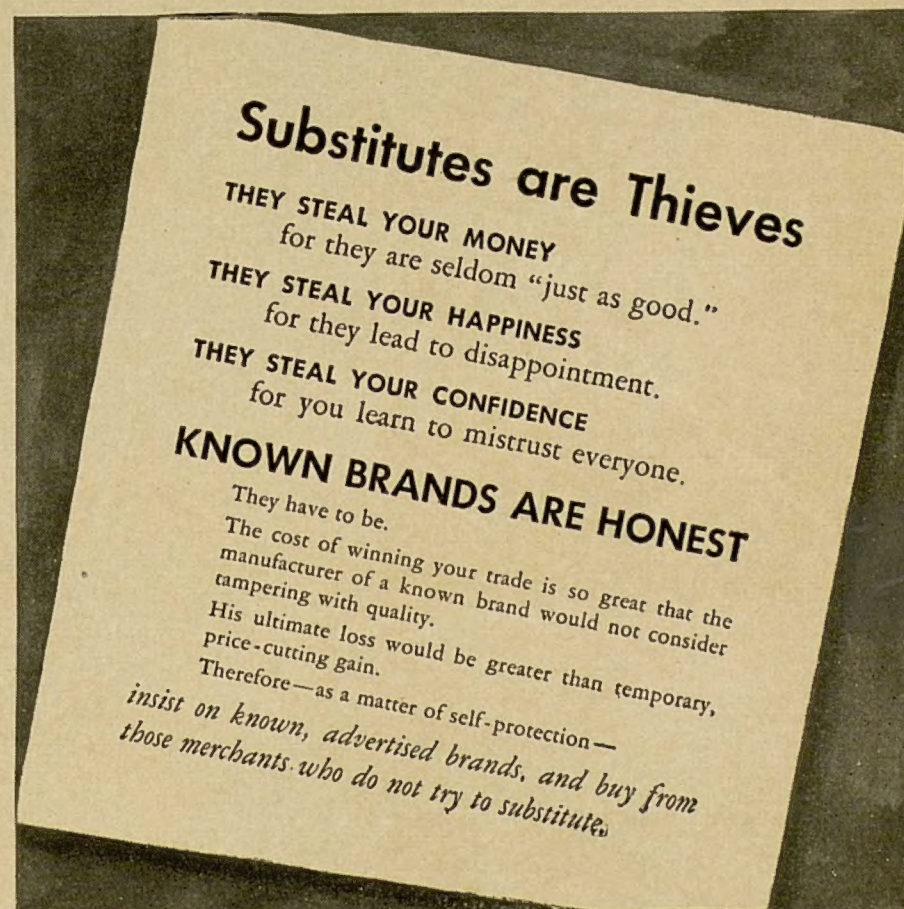
"WELL, THEY AREN'T
OUR KNOWN BRAND.
THE GROCER HAD A
SPECIAL—SAID THEY
WERE JUST AS GOOD."

"THERE YOU GO—
SAVING AT THE SPIG-
OT AND WASTING AT
THE BUNGHOLE."



(NEXT DAY)
"JUST AS GOOD"

"IF YOU SUBSTITUTE ON ME
ONCE MORE, I'M GOING TO
GET A NEW GROCER. GIVE
ME MY KNOWN BRAND."



Substitutes are Thieves

THEY STEAL YOUR MONEY
for they are seldom "just as good."

THEY STEAL YOUR HAPPINESS
for they lead to disappointment.

THEY STEAL YOUR CONFIDENCE
for you learn to mistrust everyone.

KNOWN BRANDS ARE HONEST

They have to be.

The cost of winning your trade is so great that the
manufacturer of a known brand would not consider
tampering with quality.

His ultimate loss would be greater than temporary,
price-cutting gain.

Therefore—as a matter of self-protection—
*insist on known, advertised brands, and buy from
those merchants who do not try to substitute.*

"I THANK YOU—
I thank you ever so much—but I couldn't
even think about smoking a cigarette."

"WELL, I UNDERSTAND,
but they are so mild and taste so good
that I thought you might not mind trying
one while we are riding along out here."

